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S Y R I A.

THE acquiescence of the English Cabinet in the French attack upon Syria seems to have been at the same time unwilling and hasty, while it was, perhaps, ultimately inevitable. Lord JOHN RUSSELL properly required that a Convention should be signed with the Porte, but it does not appear that he succeeded in obtaining any promise that the forms of international law should be even ostensibly respected. The French Ambassador relied, with admirable coolness, on the Treaty of 1856, which expressly provides for the exclusive sovereignty of the SULTAN in his own dominions by excluding all right of interference on the part of foreign Powers; and an expedition into the heart of Asiatic Turkey was organized before it was thought necessary to go through the form of asking the assent or co-operation of England. The disembarkation of the first corporal's guard on the coast of Syria, without the previous authority of the Porte, would be an act of war, as it would undoubtedly be the commencement of an intended territorial conquest. According to the semi-official *Constitutionnel*, "the most energetic adhesion will reply in Europe, as in France, to the noble initiative of the Sovereign who governs us. No one will be surprised to hear that French troops will be immediately embarked to bear succour to the Christians in the East." It is true that the Sovereign who affects to govern Europe, and who is now making his first attempt upon Asia, would excite little surprise if he disturbed the peace of the world by a sudden assault on any unoffending neighbour or stranger; but it is not altogether satisfactory that England should take a part in the "energetic adhesion" of which his organs naturally boast. Another Parisian journal amiably suggests a motive for the submission of the English Government, in the remark that the respect paid by the Druses to the English Consul at Damascus might be regarded as an insult to a nation which hesitated to assist the vengeance of France. It is pleasant to be treated as accomplices in the crimes of savage tribes, and, at the same time, to be the humble auxiliaries of civilized ambition. Nevertheless it may be prudent to obtain from the aggressor the fragile security which may be furnished by diplomatic courtesies and by formal pledges. More than thirty years have passed since a French army took temporary possession of another dependency of the Porte, and Syria will be more tempting than Algeria to the national cupidity and vanity. It remains to be seen whether the promises of the Emperor NAPOLEON will be more definite or better kept than the vague assurances which were utterly disregarded by CHARLES X. and his successors.

The pretext for the invasion of the SULTAN's dominions has probably already disappeared. The Maronites seem to have renewed, by some kind of compact, the peace which they probably broke under the instigation of their priests. The ferocity of the Druses may have appeared more formidable than the arms of the distant ally and protector who is now prepared to use their sufferings as an excuse for his own ambitious projects. Long before the French army can reach Damascus, the authors of the massacre will have retired to their mountains; nor will it be possible to punish the culprits except by a war of systematic extermination. The expedition is designed, not for the adjustment of disputes among the tribes of the Lebanon, but as the means of converting Syria into a French province or dependency. If the object is attained, a similar operation will take place in Egypt—perhaps on the pretence of securing the rights of French shareholders in the imaginary Suez Canal. The passage from Alexandria to the Red Sea may possibly be left open for Indian traffic as long as England "energetically adheres to the noble initiative of the Sovereign who governs us." On the whole, it has been thought safer to disturb the peace of the East than to pursue the Rhenish intrigue

after the interview of Baden, or to attempt the annexation of Belgium in defiance of the recent national manifestation. The general disturber hopes that the ignorance or jealousy of Europe may enable him once more to carry on a single-handed conflict with an isolated opponent. Sooner or later, England must resist the meditated conquest of the East, but the other great Powers may possibly be lulled into neutrality, or even bribed into acquiescence. In Syria, as in Italy, a selfish enterprise is decorated with a show of disinterested generosity; but in the present undertaking the Imperial idea will be still more visibly connected with an object of material aggrandizement. The EMPEROR's designs on Savoy and Nice were kept secret during the Lombard campaign, but the dismemberment of the Turkish Empire must be the obvious result of a successful struggle in Syria. French patronage will be as necessary to the Maronites after they have been avenged on their enemies as at the landing of the army on the Syrian coast. The tenacity of a French Protectorate has been sufficiently displayed during the long occupation of Rome.

The extent of the danger which threatens the peace of the world can only be duly estimated when it is known how far the other neighbours of Turkey are implicated in the Imperial plot. Although Russia can scarcely regard with complacency a project for establishing Latin ascendancy in Syria, her repugnance may not improbably have been bought off by some secret compact of partition. When Prince GORTSCHA-KOFF received the eager support of the French Ambassador in his overture for creating a disturbance in European Turkey, the war in the Lebanon may probably have been anticipated at Paris, although it was not yet meditated by the Druses. Several months since, the probability of Eastern commotions was openly discussed at the Tuilleries with that prophetic sagacity which belongs to soothsayers who have the means of carrying out their own predictions. If the PRINCE REGENT of Prussia had entered into negotiations for a treasonable partition of Germany, the mountaineers of the Lebanon would perhaps never have been employed to prepare the disruption of the Ottoman Empire. The Russian alliance of 1859, although its terms have never been divulged, has always remained in force for purposes which perhaps are now about to be accomplished. In 1840, the union of the Four Powers defeated M. THIERS' attempt to detach Syria and Egypt from Turkey, under the dominion of a French dependent. If Russia now thinks it expedient to offer France the same bribe which the Emperor NICHOLAS held out to England in 1854, the division of the sick man's chattels may probably be soon commenced.

The allegation that Austria assents to the French expedition requires to be confirmed or explained. Notwithstanding the pressure which has been used by France and Russia, the Austrian Government can scarcely be blind to the danger of an aggressive war undertaken for the benefit of her two ambitious neighbours. The recent approximation of Austria to Prussia would be utterly inconsistent with an alliance which would be alarming to Germany, and almost openly hostile to England. The squabbles of the tribes of the Lebanon concern the Governments of the Continent far less nearly than the restless intrigues of France; nor is any statesman deluded by the sympathy which looks for objects at Damascus, while robbery and murder perpetrated by the pious Christians of Montenegro are habitually countenanced and protected. If Russia and France have determined on a joint robbery of Turkey, any other Power which joins in the undertaking deserves the reward which will inevitably follow on its dishonesty and folly.

The barbarism of Syria and the miserable weakness of the Turkish Government unfortunately furnish a colour of justification for French interference. It would have been difficult to oppose in the first instance a pretended act of generosity, which must nevertheless affect all serious English

politicians with grave uneasiness. As the French policy develops itself, the pretence of sentiment will be gradually laid aside, and it will become evident that the question turns on the expediency of creating a French province on the eastern coast of the Mediterranean. The expedition which has been prepared so quickly was either organized beforehand, or has been rendered feasible by the chronic readiness of the French army and navy for war. On either supposition, the suddenness with which an unexpected military enterprise can be commenced ought to shame even the obstinate relics of the Peace Party into salutary and necessary vigilance.

#### THE BELGIAN DEMONSTRATION.

THE best feature in the demonstration with which the Belgian people have met the appeals and rebuked the intrigues of French annexationists is the enthusiasm displayed by the working men. The excitement of discontent among the working classes in the adjoining States is the great instrument by which LOUIS NAPOLEON and his confederates hope to pave the way for their aggressions. That the Frankenstein they are thus raising would in the end destroy their own Government too, and make Europe, not one vast French Empire, but one vast Jacquerie, is a matter of little consequence to them. They live for the day. The morrow may take care of itself. To their neighbours, Imperial Socialism is a weapon almost as formidable as it is diabolical. There is too much in the lot of the working man in every country to make him an apt listener to any devil of revolution that whispers into his ear. Everywhere those who exhort him to order and patience must appeal to him as much in the interest of society as in his own interest; and the interest of society is a motive which it requires some education and intelligence, and, perhaps, also some degree of affluence, to feel. But the Belgian press has done its duty well in setting before the people the real character of that Socialism which reigns at the Tuilleries; and the result is, that, if the French Government means to annex Belgium, it must evidently be done by the process—which, in these days, is distasteful—of open rapine, not by “universal suffrage.” It was somewhat disturbing to read confident assertions in the French propagandist press that the loyalty shown to King LEOPOLD was only that “of ‘official circles,’ that the KING’s consciousness of the fact rendered his tone ‘rather one of resignation than of hope;’” and that, if the Belgian people could be polled, it would pronounce, by a great majority, for annexation to France. Now these assertions are answered. It is only a pity that the Belgian operatives cannot send a deputation, first to Compiègne, to see the Socialist EMPEROR in his blouse amidst his simple household of *prolétaires*, and then to Cayenne, to see the leaders of the French operatives in the enjoyment of their Socialist Elysium.

“Belgium cannot have to fear an odious attack on the ‘independence of a free people. It must regard as impossible the very thought of an attempt the iniquity of which ‘would be denounced by indignant Europe.’” These words of the Belgian Chamber are not merely a convenient mode of deprecating an apprehended crime—they are an appeal to the morality of Europe, which Europe must answer if it would not have all morality trodden under foot by violence. And Europe will not have all morality trodden under foot. The force of opinion in international affairs is not so great as it ought to be; nor, thanks to technical diplomacy, are international ethics so sound as those of common life. But even among diplomatists there is now a feeling that it is better, in the long run, to have the heart of the world upon your side. France herself would have to think twice before she murdered a nation. Perhaps even among Frenchmen there are not a few who, when the dagger was uplifted, would remember, in a manner inconvenient to their Government, that France in her happier hour had contributed, and been proud of contributing, to give Belgium life. The fear was that Belgium, prepared for self-betrayal by the arts of French agents and Gallicizing priests, might protest so faintly and succumb so easily as to give the murder the appearance of a suicide. That fear is now past, and with it the real danger. Exposed as Belgium lies to the overpowering military force of France, it is impossible to say that, if the struggle should begin, the tide of conquest might not for a moment sweep over her, as it often swept over her in those centuries during which she was the battle-field of Europe. King LEOPOLD’s expressions show that the possible

recurrence of such disasters is painfully present to his mind. But a people resolutely bent on being a nation may be conquered, not once, but many times, without being destroyed.

Perhaps, indeed, the fear that Belgium would commit suicide was always chimerical. The Belgians have certain reminiscences pretty fresh in their minds. The sweets of French domination are not to them untasted. They know the bliss of which people become partakers when embraced by the “ardent fraternity” of the great “Christian” nation. Among them, as in other countries over which it spread, French annexation, in return for what it took away in cash and blood, has left one invaluable lesson. “Belgium,” says a Belgian journal, “was confiscated in its own despite by the French Republic, which had promised it a fraternal alliance, absorbed in a great Empire, and condemned by the right of the strongest to sacrifice its interests and treasures to interests not its own.” Force may of course be used twice to do the same wrong; but treachery leaves its life in the first sting. Besides, when the “fraternal alliance” of the French Republic was offered and accepted, Belgium was, and had been for three hundred years, under alien domination. She has now known thirty years of freedom. The game of DANTON and “mon oncle,” is being played over again at a double disadvantage—first, because it has been found out; and secondly, because the circumstances are altered. Some military observers have pronounced that the defences of Cherbourg are calculated for the art of war as it was in the time of the first NAPOLEON, and not for the art of war as it is now. In the same way, the propagandist machinery of the second Empire is calculated for Europe as it was in the time of the first Empire rather than for Europe in its present state. An army of 700,000 men is never obsolete; but the political causes which carried the flood of revolutionary conquest over the surrounding countries as the tide runs in over a flat, are past and gone. There is much that is unsound, and much that ought to be altered, in the relations between Continental rulers and their subjects; and even the threat of French aggression, appealing to hearts hardened against justice, may be an agency not without its use. But rare indeed are the instances of a European population in the present day to whom French conquest or occupation would be anything but a manifest curse.

Nor must it be supposed that Belgian nationality is merely the artificial creation of diplomatic convenience, and that Belgium is a portion of France partitioned off by the paper wall of a treaty. If this were so, we might doubt whether, in struggling to maintain Belgian independence, we were not struggling against natural tendencies as strong as fate. Such, of course, is the aspect which French propagandists would fain give the question. According to their effusions, the separate existence of Belgium is a mere bubble inflated by diplomatic breath, which, having floated for its appointed time, is now about to burst, and be lost in the great sea of French unity and fraternity. Nothing can be more erroneous. It is true that Belgium is not separated from France by any clear geographical frontier; but neither is it separated by any clear geographical frontier from Holland. If Europe is to be rectified on these principles, geography will indeed become an important science; but to prevent misadventures, France must have the supervision of the atlas. It is true, also, that the Flemish language having, unfortunately, no literature, French is the language of the Belgian cities, and will probably become, in a short time, the language of the whole country. But if identity of language is necessarily to involve identity of government, the pretensions of England, as time goes on, will become absolutely terrific. The philological test, like the geographical, will require to be regulated in the interest of the “sun of nations.” It is true, again, that there is a superficial community of religion between Belgium and France; but the Belgian Catholics are sincerely religious, while the powers that rule France are atheist, using religion merely as the degraded instrument of conquest. The Belgians have a separate Government and institutions of their own to which they wish to adhere—this is the cardinal point of nationality and the root of the whole matter. They are, in the main, of a different race from the French, and in their short period of freedom have shown superior self-command, vigour, and perseverance. Indeed, one of the reasons alleged for incorporating them by the Imperial pamphleteer is, that their peculiar qualities are required to temper the national character of France. They have also a history of their own, though it has been much overlaid by Burgundian, Spanish, Austrian, French, and Dutch domination. The core of their State

consists of those great cities of Flanders and Brabant—the rivals of the Italian cities as early abodes of liberty, commercial wealth, and the attendant arts—which stand in the annals of human progress above anything that the French Celt has had energy to produce. Why is all this to be tied up in a bundle and put under the feet of French vanity? Why is Brussels, now a distinct centre of political life, to be thrust into the long schedule of mediæval capitals which Parisian "unity" exults in having extinguished? Why are all the public men to whom independence has given birth in Belgium to be superseded by a French prefect? Why is the independent experience, political, economical, and educational, which Belgium as a separate State is contributing to the store of human enlightenment, to be merged and lost in a mass of population already too large for the interests of humanity? Why are those who have not shared the crimes and errors of French politicians to share the present political punishment of France, and be committed with her to the dark chances of her uncertain and louring future? No answer can be given to these questions but that the annexation would please the Parisians, and, by turning their minds from their political degradation, help to secure the EMPEROR and his associates in the enjoyments of Compiègne. This is an answer which the Belgians do not deem sufficient, as they have given France and the world clearly to understand.

#### FORTIFICATIONS.

THE best method of securing the country from invasion is not to be determined by popular debate. It is perfectly right that all conflicting plans of fortification should be publicly discussed, but the decision must at last necessarily rest with the Executive Government. There is, of course, a risk of error and of waste in any expenditure on the national defences. The Martello Towers on the southern coast, and the canal which stagnates through the Kentish marshes, still testify to the fallibility of the Ministers who conducted the old war, and of the engineers who advised them; but now that French ambition, after half a century, again menaces similar perils, it is still impossible to dispense with engineers and with Ministers. No condemnation would be too strong for the folly of a Parliament which, allowing a Government to remain in office, should nevertheless refuse it the means of providing for the safety of the country. Little argument is required to support the general proposition that walls, ditches, and batteries economize the lives of their defenders. The factious opponents of all measures which tend to the security of the country are actually driven to protest against the fortification of the dockyards on the pretext that such precautions are cowardly and unwarlike. The Spartans, according to one of these fanatics, are supposed to have said that the best wall of defence was the breast of a brave man; and the clap-trap out of Plutarch is proposed as a serious precedent for resistance to a French invasion. It is difficult for the half-conscious impudence of perverse imbecility to be carried farther than in the appeal of the Peace party to the pugnacious instincts of an obsolete chivalry. If the Spartans had asserted that fingers or spinning-wheels were better than power-looms, the classical enthusiasm of Lancashire would scarcely demand the total destruction of machinery. It is only when the national honour and safety are at stake that the substitution of rude force for mechanical contrivance is thought to be advisable or praiseworthy.

There is little foundation for Mr. OSBORNE's suggestion that the Minister has been unduly communicative. It is absolutely necessary that Parliament and the country should, on all great occasions, be taken into the general confidence of the Government. The scheme of fortification will be adopted, partly because it is not obviously unreasonable, but chiefly in reliance on the judgment of the responsible authorities. It would have been impossible to take a vote of some millions for an unknown purpose, and after all precautions the secret would have been revealed as soon as the first pick-axe was struck into the ground. Even on the Continent, the erection of strong places has not become a mystery of State, nor was Cherbourg itself fortified in the dark. The French War Office has derived little additional information from the Blue-book of the Commission or from Lord PALMERSTON's speech. The admission that the great arsenals are ill-defended offers no fresh temptation to attack, and the resolution to repair the defect will exercise a pacific influence. The reasons for declining or postponing the fortification of the capital are, in themselves, entitled to serious consideration;

but the main recommendation of Lord PALMERSTON's proposals is to be found in the fact that they are adopted by the advisers of the Crown and officially submitted to Parliament. Mr. BRIGHT's patriotic objection, that the proposed works will cost money which might be well spared, would be entitled to consideration if it were generally acknowledged that the country is not worth defending.

The project of fortifying the dockyards is assuredly not paradoxical. Sir CHARLES NAPIER's notion of defending Portsmouth and Devonport exclusively by a Channel fleet was humorously and conclusively opposed by Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT. Ships are moveable fortresses, and they cease to be moveable if they are confined to a single spot. The effective force of a squadron is doubled when its commander, leaving an impregnable stronghold behind him, risks nothing except his vessels and crews while he is at sea, and knows that he has a refuge in case of disaster. The position of batteries, the weight of guns, the proportion of the garrisons to the defences, can only be determined with the aid of professional knowledge. At the worst, it is hardly possible that the most blundering engineer should fail to give the defenders some calculable advantage over a besieging force. The army in the field will be the stronger for all the numbers which will be economized by artificial defences; and if it becomes necessary to fortify the approaches to London, thousands of navvies will be available for the construction of field-works, which may be instantly armed from the stores in the arsenals. Even if the metropolis were occupied by an enemy, the strength and spirit of the country would, it may be hoped, still be unbroken. In the event of such a calamity, no verbal arguments would be used to confute prudent politicians who might recommend the acceptance of a magnanimous victor's terms of peace. The logic of a rope and of the nearest tree would simplify a discussion which might otherwise involve a waste of time and of ingenuity.

Lord PALMERSTON's statement was manly, straightforward, and decided, nor was the House of Commons disposed to blame the PRIME MINISTER for his imperfect justification of provisions which properly belonged to a special department. Mr. GLADSTONE's absence was a slight to his colleagues and an affront to the House. It was the duty of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, who must have assented to the measure in the Cabinet, to defend the financial portion of the proposal in Parliament. The Constitution and common-sense equally repudiate an incomplete responsibility for Ministerial policy. If it is immoral to spend money on fortifications, Mr. GLADSTONE must settle the difficulty with his own conscience, while he provides the means for carrying out the decision of the Government. It is sufficiently evident that he has imposed a compromise on his colleagues, and perhaps satisfied his own scruples, by cutting down the immediate outlay, and by insisting on an expensive mode of raising the necessary funds. There is an obvious absurdity in asking for a vote of two millions for works which can only be completed for three times the amount. Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT, when he explained that no larger outlay would be required during the ensuing year, was certainly not deceived by his own conventional argument, and he was right in supporting the decision of the Cabinet. It would have been injudicious to explain that Mr. GLADSTONE had determined to make the completion of the works dependent on two or three annual votes, instead of taking power to borrow the whole amount while Parliament was eager to grant it. The absurdity of the course which has been pursued would be barely paralleled if Parliament authorized a railway company to raise only one million by shares and debentures for the execution of works estimated to cost three millions. The promoters of the private undertaking would be certain to apply for additional capital, inasmuch as they would otherwise sacrifice their original instalment; but Mr. GLADSTONE probably hopes that a change in public feeling will enable him to reverse, on a future occasion, the policy which the Government has now fragmentarily carried out. It would have been unnecessary to borrow the money before it was wanted, but all the funds which may be ultimately required for the undertaking ought to have been provided by a preliminary vote. The subdivision of the financial arrangements is inconsistent with the announcement that the whole amount of nine millions is to be raised in the form of Terminable Annuities. Lord PALMERSTON forgot that he had been forced by the exigencies of a colleague to leave the question open to the discretion of future Ministers and Parliaments.

The preference of Annuities to Three per Cent. Consols is

also a result of Mr. GLADSTONE's distaste for warlike expenditure. If a deluded people will have fortifications, it may at least be compelled to meet the expense in the most costly and inconvenient manner. A few years hence, half a million of Annuities will fall in, so that the outstanding amount of such securities will remain the same; or, in other words, a permanent debt will have endured for a long period at a rate of interest unnecessarily high. As Mr. HUBBARD reminded the House, terminable securities have been additionally depreciated since the imposition and the repeated variations of the Income-tax. The public borrower must pay an insurance to cover Mr. BRIGHT's possible accession to office, with an additional percentage chargeable to Mr. GLADSTONE's Budget speeches. It will be well if the Annuities can be floated at less than 4 per cent. in addition to the proportion which may fairly be credited to the Sinking Fund or the item of repayment. In return for the sacrifice the country will know that it has bound itself down to a prudent course, which might have been followed on easier terms if it could have trusted its own self-denial. Virtuous acts are generally disagreeable and often costly, but they seldom consist in so deliberate and self-denying an avoidance of temptation. Yet it must be admitted that the discharge of public liabilities can only be rendered certain when the provision for repayment is an inseparable part of the contract for the loan. The promised redemption of the Exchequer Bonds has been set aside as often as the money was wanted for current expenditure, and the National Debt is never practically reduced except by the application of some unforeseen surplus.

#### SIR CHARLES WOOD'S MEASURES.

SIR CHARLES WOOD has withdrawn two out of three important Bills relating to Indian government which he had laid on the table. It is no very extravagant compliment to Mr. HORSMAN to suggest that his contemplated resistance had something to do with the retreat of the SECRETARY OF STATE, for Mr. HORSMAN has of late become a great power in the House of Commons, and is by no means a pleasant opponent to deal with. The debate on these measures had, moreover, begun with a personal dispute between the Indian Minister and his antagonist which seemed likely to be prolonged indefinitely. Mr. HORSMAN is irritable, and not sparing in the vehemence with which he gives expression to the feeling of the moment. Sir CHARLES Wood, on the other hand, is confident and supercilious. Here were the elements of an endless exchange of personalities, so that the SECRETARY OF STATE did wisely to renounce the singular hope which he seems once to have entertained, that his Bills would be accepted by the House after a few minutes' discussion. Of the quarrel which for three or four nights occupied the place of debate on the all-important proposals submitted to Parliament, one can only say that neither disputant took much credit by it. Mr. HORSMAN trusts too much to his transient impressions, and (so we must say, as long as some correspondence in the columns of the penny press remains unexplained) a great deal too much to his memory. Sir CHARLES Wood, if he saves his honour and veracity, offers an excuse for the non-production of the Indian papers which is scarcely worthy of an energetic Minister. It is rather too bad, after we have been given to understand that the system of the East India Company was destroyed on account of the delay of business between Leadenhall-street and Cannon-row, to be told that, under the new arrangements, papers of the gravest seriousness are lost for weeks upon weeks to Parliament, through passing to and fro like a shuttlecock between the SECRETARY OF STATE and the Military Secretary.

The Bill for the amalgamation of the Armies, which is still before Parliament, has raised a point which is, if possible, of even greater importance than the dissolution of the local European force. Is the Indian Minister at liberty to introduce any measure which he pleases into the Imperial Legislature without previously consulting his Council? It is, of course, going a great way to lay down that any Act of Parliament can prevent anybody from applying or appealing to Parliament. The Court of Chancery, it is true, sometimes prevents trading or railway companies from attempting to obtain private Bills which they have distinctly contracted not to ask for, but this jurisdiction has always been considered doubtful from a constitutional point of view, and it is jealously watched and not frequently exercised. The general principle would appear to be, that even Parliament itself cannot legislatively limit its own omnipotence, and

cannot, therefore, prescribe any conditions to be observed by its own members before submitting proposals of any sort to its consideration. But, though Sir CHARLES Wood may be constitutionally right in thinking that he is entitled to put his name on the back of any Bill he pleases, it is quite another question whether Parliament did not intend him to consult his Council before he did so. Parliament may have made a clumsy attempt to carry out its purpose, or the purpose may have been unattainable, but that it did mean to have the opinion of the Council on all measures submitted by the SECRETARY OF STATE for INDIA we have not a shadow of doubt. The part of the last India Act which brings conviction with it is the clause prohibiting the members of the Council from sitting in the House of Commons. It is utterly incredible that Parliament should have constructed elaborate and costly mechanism with the deliberate purpose of preventing itself from knowing anything of the views of the fifteen gentlemen in England who are supposed to have most experience of Indian affairs. Yet this astounding paradox is the necessary consequence of Sir CHARLES Wood's doctrine. The members of the Council cannot publish their opinions in any unofficial way; and unless they are consulted by the SECRETARY OF STATE, they cannot put them upon record officially. As, therefore, their mouths are shut out of Parliament, and as they are prevented from speaking in it, it follows that the Legislature must have intended to save itself from being troubled with their tiresome comments and ignorant objections. For this remarkable inference Lord JOHN RUSSELL, at all events, seems to be prepared. He argued one evening last week that it would do quite as well if the Indian Minister consulted his fifteen colleagues in the Cabinet in place of his fifteen subordinates in the Council. We can only reply to such an argument by asking why the Cabinet Ministers are to be consulted in particular? Why not the fifteen Judges, or the Bench of Bishops, or the Board of Inland Revenue? Each of these bodies includes men who are capable of giving a valuable opinion on any conceivable subject, if only they have the proper data; but whence is the Cabinet, or any other set of persons, to obtain the data for an Indian measure, unless by consultation with men who know India? And, of all men who know India, why are those only not to be consulted who have been picked out from the rest for the accuracy and extent of their knowledge? The theory that Parliament intended to relieve the Indian Minister from the necessity of taking his Council's advice on every occasion when he applied for legislative powers involves consequences so preposterous that, practically, it must be the false one. Abstractedly it is no doubt true that anybody may apply to Parliament for anything; but this truth has no bearing on the point raised by Sir CHARLES Wood, except as showing that, on Indian subjects, Parliament must exercise a little self-denial. It, beyond all question, did intend to have before it the views of the Indian Council on all measures emanating from the Indian Department; and though it cannot debar itself by an irrepealable prohibition from listening to the SECRETARY OF STATE, in his character of Peer or member of the House of Commons, it can resolutely refuse to entertain his proposals till it can read them with the commentaries of the Council. This is exactly what it ought to do. At present the solution of the mere technical difficulty lies entirely in the discretion of the House of Commons.

The disappearance of two of Sir CHARLES Wood's Bills has the incidentally unfortunate effect of preventing Parliament from perceiving the relation in which they stood to the third, which is still under consideration. All three projects agreed in placing at the disposal of the Home authorities a vast amount of new patronage, and all three failed to provide any adequate securities against its abuse. We have elsewhere discussed the Bill for opening the Civil Service to barristers, and, in addition to the fundamental objection to it we may state, that, if report is to be believed, it left the SECRETARY OF STATE to fix at his own discretion the conditions under which India was to be flooded with English lawyers. If Parliament does consent to give the SECRETARY OF STATE complete liberty of selection, it may as well make up its mind at once that political interest and a strong constitution are henceforward to be the sole qualifications for service in India. No doubt Sir CHARLES Wood is for the moment convinced of his own purity of intention. No living statesman—unless it be Lord PALMERSTON, who, in his ideas on such subjects is still the Tory Minister of the beginning of the century—would deliberately form a plan

for turning India into a harbour for needy private secretaries and used-up election agents. But absolute freedom of choice tends unavoidably to corruption. The course of things is, that the first Minister of a series strives, from the mere impulse of officialism, to grasp as much patronage as he can, under as few conditions as possible. Then, a few stages on, comes a less scrupulous successor, who jobs, and so the precedent of corruption is set for ever. The only safeguard is for Parliament to insist on itself prescribing the proper securities. The Military Department, indeed, is of so complicated a constitution that the Legislature may well hesitate to meddle with the discretion of the Horse-Guards. If it is determined to amalgamate the two armies, it must let the patronage take its chance. But it is still in the power of Parliament to prevent the Civil Service of India—the first in the world, with all its defects—from becoming a refuge for the halt and maimed of public and private life at home.

#### THE QUARTERLY ON CONSERVATIVE REACTION.

THE *Quarterly*, as might be expected, sings loud psalms on Conservative reaction. It is, indeed, justified in its exultation. The positive results of this session have been small. They are limited, in fact, to the measures for Ireland which are being saved out of the general wreck by the Irish SECRETARY. But its negative results have been very considerable. It has settled the question against any great scheme of democratic change in the representation. It has decisively checked finance in its progress towards the democratic system of direct taxation. The *Quarterly* is also entitled to reckon the change that has come over the Church-rate question as one of the symptoms of the turning tide. It might further, with perfect truth, point to the conduct of the PREMIER in moving, as head of the Government, the adjournment for the Derby day, and subscribing to the HEENAN and SAYERS fund, as a gratifying sign of the revival of Conservative sentiment. To crown all, there is the victorious reassertion of power by the Lords in the case of the Paper duty. So, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, Providence still watches over the interests of the Tories, and allows the wicked Liberals, as it were, to get their measures unopposed through the second reading, only that they may be more effectually confounded in Committee. There is one feature of the situation, however, on which the *Quarterly* does not dwell. How comes it to pass that, with Conservative reaction running so high, an old Whig statesman, not of very commanding character or genius, is master of the Government and secure in the support of the nation?

Reaction is not quite the right name for what has occurred. It is rather a general refusal of the nation to advance in the course of democratic change precipitately and without occasion. No democratic measure has been carried or demanded as in 1832. Lord JOHN RUSSELL, for his own purposes, proposed such a measure to the country, and the country declined it. Of course, in declining it, that general Conservative feeling of which every English Liberal has a certain amount in his heart was awakened, and manifested itself not only on the special subject of Lord JOHN's measure. Mr. BRIGHT has done everything that first-rate powers of demagogic oratory can do to discredit his own cause. He has amply merited the sarcastic thanks of the *Quarterly*. Yet we venture to think that the *Quarterly*, in speaking of Mr. BRIGHT, hardly hits the right nail on the head. That which has rendered this agitator justly odious to the mass of the nation is not so much his attacks, however reckless, on Conservative institutions, as his venomous attempts to create a war between classes. This is the part of his agitation which, we are happy to think, the nation has, to its infinite credit, emphatically condemned. Extreme Liberal sentiments, though not liked by the nation in general, are not abhorred; and the *Quarterly* is in a fool's paradise if it thinks they are. But a mightier agency than that of Mr. BRIGHT, and one entirely external to English politics, has been at work to check any tendency to immediate change in our institutions. The revolutionary despotism of France, threatening once more the independence of all nations, has once more compelled all nations to cast aside for the time the work of political progress, and to rally round their existing Governments for the purpose of defence against the aggressor. The same accidental vigour has been infused into monarchical and aristocratic institutions which was infused into them in 1813. *Inter arma silent leges.* We have turned the Reform Bill into cartridges. The people have wisely voted confidence in their

present rulers, upon one condition—that they carry us safe through the danger. If that condition is not fulfilled, the *Quarterly* will soon see "Conservative reaction" brought to an end. Of course, the arming of the nation not only diverts the public mind for the time from schemes of political improvement, but evokes a spirit by no means congenial to Mr. BRIGHT. Even if there is no necessary antagonism between the citizen and the soldier, the combativeness of the rifleman tends to absorb the combativeness of the politician; and malignant appeals to class antipathy are singularly revolting at a moment when all classes are preparing as one man to stand up together for their common home.

We would not, therefore, have the *Quarterly*, or the beloved shades of ELDON and PERCEVAL, overrate the luck that has befallen them, or thank Providence for blessings which have not actually been bestowed. We will venture to say that not a single man of the slightest intelligence or weight in the country is a bit more willing to be governed by class interest and intolerance than he was two years ago. Not an ounce of permanent strength has been added to the party which went into the lobby the other evening with Lord FERMOY. So far as the reaction is real and deep, it will not prove a party victory at all. Its advantage will not be reaped by those whose "test-point" is "an hereditary second 'Chamber," nor by the devotees of any "test-point" whatever. It will be reaped by those who are determined that intelligence and enlightened conscience, not the brute force and violent passions which are impersonated alike in the French EMPEROR and Mr. BRIGHT, shall, if possible, rule the world and direct the course of human progress; and it will be reaped only on condition that the classes in whom the intelligence and enlightened conscience of the community reside, and to whom the guidance of the community is by nature entrusted, shall prove themselves not unworthy of their trust. The Lords will henceforth be stronger and more popular provided they make themselves fitter for the work of legislation and become more attentive to its duties. The landed gentry will be stronger and more popular, both in and out of Parliament, provided that, instead of "going down for the shooting 'season,'" they live among their people, exert their influence for good, and take, while yet they may, that place in the regard of our rural population which may otherwise be one day occupied by ambitious schoolmasters or an incendiary press. But any institution or class which fails to keep its hold upon the rational affection of the nation by doing its duty to society, will very soon find that Conservative reaction does not mean a relapse into political fetishism, and that the age of blind loyalty is irrevocably numbered with the past. That the temper of the people towards their rulers at this crisis is so good and generous is due to the fact that crying political grievances have been removed, in despite of the efforts of stupid Toryism to retain them, and that a spirit of social duty has been abroad, impressing the labouring classes with the conviction that they have more to hope from progress than from confusion. This it was that carried us through in 1848. This it is that is carrying us through now.

The article in the *Quarterly* to which we have been alluding is evidently from the pen of the "obscure writer"—no longer obscure, but illustrious and memorable, since he has been read in a railway carriage by a RUSSELL. He concludes with something like a palinode to MR. DISRAELI. We should be inclined to suspect that members of the Conservative party who object to "an organized hypocrisy" have been told "there must be no whining." It seems no change in the leadership is really contemplated. The previous article was intended only as a hint to a friend on the disadvantages of political roguery, and ought, in fact, to have been marked "confidential." The *Quarterly* is gratified at the straightforwardness of Mr. DISRAELI's conduct as a leader this session, and has every reason to believe that the improvement "will be permanent," having fortunately got to press before the Conservative party was told by Lord FERMOY and Mr. WHITE. As we have said before, this is a domestic subject, and one on which there is no necessity for pouring any confidences into the bosom of the public. The conduct of the leader, when chosen, and of the party under him, is the only thing the public have to consider. If, as friends of the family, we are called upon to give an opinion on this delicate question, we agree with the *Quarterly* that it is better not to change without absolute necessity; but we must confess we hardly expect that a man who has for fifteen years led his party like a ratcatcher will all at once, at a mature time of life, begin to lead it like a statesman.

To add a cubit to your moral stature is a feat rare at any age, and unexampled after fifty. We must also confess that, seeing the Tory party brought face to face with the heir of BONAPARTE, we feel the difference between the proud leadership of PITI, towering up to confront the revolutionary storm, and the leadership, not so proud, of his successor, who tries to snap a paltry victory by slinking into the lobby at the heels of Radicals, who rolls in the gutter with discarded literary tools, who has his letters held over his head by the organ of the French EMPEROR, and whose oratory consists in firing off sparkling personalities at the tail of long buckram speeches in the worst manner of the late Sir ROBERT PEEL. And now we may bid adieu—at least for the present session—to this august theme.

#### ARMY ORGANIZATION.

THE failure of the old machinery of military administration when tried by the severe test of the Crimean campaign, and the sweeping change of organization to which it led, are too recent to be easily forgotten; and so little is really known of the degree of efficiency which has been attained under the new system, that the Report of the Committee appointed to inquire into the effects of those alterations and the prudence of attempting any further changes, has been anticipated with some eagerness alike by the admirers of old methods and the advocates of yet more extensive reforms. Yet it is scarcely possible to imagine a less satisfactory document than the actual Report has proved. It neither approves what has been done, nor suggests anything better. On some comparatively small details it makes what may turn out to be useful recommendations; it indicates the existence of much conflicting opinion among the most competent authorities; and it traces with abundant care and minuteness the theoretical and practical relations which exist between the War Minister and the Commander-in-Chief. All this is very ably done, but when all is said, we have got only a summing up without a verdict, a history without a moral. It probably required some little ingenuity to frame a Report which should command the concurrence of a rather motley Committee, and Sir JAMES GRAHAM deserves much credit for the skill with which he has touched upon a multitude of controverted topics without committing himself and his colleagues to any opinion upon them. But a neutral Report of this kind, though really a very interesting and instructive document, is of comparatively little value for practical purposes; and, if anything is to come out of the inquiry which has just been closed, it must be drawn from the evidence which is shortly to appear, rather than from any judgment which the Committee has pronounced.

What the public desire above all things to know is, whether the great alterations introduced into the organization of the army, in consequence of the sad experience of the Russian war, have answered their purpose; whether further steps in the same direction are requisite now, or whether it would not be more advisable to return to something like the system which had previously prevailed. The Report gives no answer to these questions, and barely enables one to guess at the views which preponderated in the Committee. The concentration of scattered responsibility in the person of the War Minister was so far approved that the Committee declined to adopt the Report proposed by Colonel DUNNE, which unequivocally recommended the reunion of the Colonial and Military departments, and the separation of the civil administration of the army by the restoration of the office of Secretary-at-War. But, on the other hand, the Report mentions, without dissent, Mr. GODLEY's prediction that, in a great war, the department would be almost certain to break down, and gives a reticent approval to his observation that the time of peace is the moment for remedying defects. We are solemnly informed, moreover, that it is "a grave question whether the military element enters sufficiently into the composition of the governing body in the War Department." This and many other questions were known to be grave enough before the Committee was appointed, and it advances matters very little to learn that fifteen distinguished members of Parliament recognise the gravity of the questions submitted to them which they have been unable to answer.

The evidence tendered to the Committee was not confined to mere criticisms on what has already been done, but included several specific schemes for the future conduct of the War Department. Besides Colonel DUNNE's simple plan of returning to the system which broke down before, the Com-

mittee had to consider a scheme of a similar tendency suggested by Lord GREY, an entirely new project submitted by Mr. GODLEY, and a practical re-arrangement of the War Department proposed by Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT himself. Mr. GODLEY's plan is dismissed with the colourless observation that injustice would be done to it by abridgment, and the proposal of the War Minister is honoured with the feeble approbation implied in the statement that it has the merit of reducing change to the minimum, while it promises an increase of real efficiency. On one point the Committee has had the courage and the unanimity necessary to enable it to pronounce an opinion. Lord GREY, it appears, recommended a Board with a Cabinet Minister at its head, and upon this the Report contains these obvious but useful observations:—

"This Board would be a new experiment. It undoes all that has been done. It throws aside all the advantages of growing experience and improved practice which the last five years have not failed to afford. Instead of concentrating responsibility, it redistributes it. The machinery of Boards is known to be cumbrous and uncertain in its operation. It only works well when the head of the Board acts as if he alone were responsible. A Board, therefore, would be a retrograde measure which your Committee cannot recommend." It will be remembered that a few weeks ago Lord CLARENCE PAGET got rid of a motion for inquiring into the constitution of the Admiralty by the suggestion that this Committee would perhaps recommend the adoption of the Admiralty machinery for army administration, and that at any rate their Report on this subject would be a valuable document which it would be well to wait for before issuing a Commission to inquire into the administration of the sister service. However guarded the Committee has been on other topics, it has been explicit enough in its repudiation of the Admiralty system; but probably Lord CLARENCE will find in this adverse judgment an additional reason for objecting to an inquiry which would be likely to terminate so unpleasantly for the Board of Admiralty.

Until the promised evidence appears it is impossible to discuss in any detail the reforms which Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT has recommended. So far as can be judged from the brief summary given in the Report, they are based upon sound principles. The Secretary for War is already practically supreme on every point, except the patronage of first commissions, and that will become immaterial if the Duke of CAMBRIDGE's proposal of a military college to serve as the only entrance into the army should be adopted. Theoretically, the relations between the War Secretary and the Commander-in-Chief are sufficiently anomalous and ill-defined; but the substantial supremacy of the Parliamentary chief, and the harmonious way in which the business of the army has for some years been conducted between the Horse Guards and Pall Mall, have deprived this topic of some of its practical importance. Perhaps for this reason the Committee have devoted to it their keenest attention; and no one can quarrel with their conclusion that the positions of the Commander-in-Chief and the War Minister should be more accurately defined in consonance with existing usage, so as to avoid the exercise by the Secretary of State of a direct authority beyond that which the terms of his patent literally confer.

But the real difficulty is not so much in adjusting these relations as in reconciling the supremacy of a Parliamentary Minister with the efficiency which professional administration alone can give. It is to this end that Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT's proposals are directed. He would have, as at present, the ultimate responsibility vested in the Secretary of State. The Commander-in-Chief, though nominally an independent authority, is, and would remain, the principal officer of the department charged with the discipline of the army. A Parliamentary Under-Secretary, two permanent Under-Secretaries—one civilian and the other military—and an Assistant Under-Secretary, and a number of military heads of special departments, including several appointments which already exist, would constitute the principal staff. A scheme of this kind can only be judged of when the reasons for each new office which it is proposed to constitute are given in detail; but it appears to be based upon the only principle applicable to a constitutional country—that of placing a statesman at the head of the Army Department, and strengthening his hands by all the military experience and assistance which can be given to him. The desirableness of obtaining the concurrence of a minority disposed to revert to the clumsy contrivance by which the government of the army was made

a subordinate branch of colonial business, may perhaps account for the guarded measure of approval which is meted out to a scheme which certainly, as the Committee say, seems to promise increased efficiency, so far as any opinion can be formed from the slight outline of the project which is given in the Report.

#### LAWYERS IN INDIA.

**F**IVE or six years ago, the beginning of the legal Long Vacation was always contemporaneous with a burst of letters in the newspapers from law students who were pining for a system of legal education. This recurrent clamour had pretty nearly stopped since the Inns of Court took upon themselves to give the complainants some sort of satisfaction; but we presume we must prepare to find it revived by Sir CHARLES WOOD's (for the present abortive) Bill for opening the Indian Civil Service. The project of the INDIAN SECRETARY has at least one voice out of his Council in its favour, for it is precisely the plan of Sir ERSKINE PERRY, who has been long known to believe that the Sepoy mutiny was occasioned by a paucity of British barristers in the East. This view is now adopted by the SECRETARY OF STATE, and it was formally proposed to mitigate the admitted vices of Indian procedure by substituting English barristers for Indian civilians, or at least mixing them together, on the principal seats of justice throughout the Peninsula. It is surprising that the promoters of the scheme do not perceive that it fails entirely from the want of any test which will ascertain satisfactorily that an English barrister has any knowledge whatever even of technical English law.

It should be clearly understood that, crowded as is the English Bar, and fierce as is the competition for practice, India has at the present moment no temptation for any of its members who have a chance remaining to them at home. There has been of late years a steady deterioration in the quality of the judicial power supplied from home to India. The Judgeships of the Chartered Courts in the three Presidency towns are magnificently paid according to English and Colonial standards; nor are they approached in desirableness by any of the appointments which Sir C. WOOD proposes to establish or throw open. Yet nobody, even in the hottest warmth of friendship, would compliment the existing Indian Puisne Judges on being the flower of their profession; and it is notorious that about a twelvemonth since the Chief Justiceship of Calcutta, the most valuable judicial appointment in India, went a-begging even among third-rate practitioners. For the very highest offices he has to bestow, Sir CHARLES WOOD will find no candidates except those who are failing and past work; and for discharging the duties which are now performed by the ordinary run of civilian-judges, he will be inevitably driven to take young and untried men. The climate and the hard work can only be faced by youth, and no young English barrister, rejoicing in the germ of practice, will be tempted for a moment to go out. How, then, will the system work? The Bar includes so large a percentage of the ability and culture of the country, that there will always be a class of persons in its ranks intellectually capable of grappling with the heterogeneous law of India; but there are absolutely no means of ascertaining whether a given individual belongs to the class. The Inns of Court have, it is true, a fairly efficient system of legal education for the rising generation of lawyers; but it may be escaped by any student who prefers reading a novel or a newspaper in a lecture-room during two hours in the week. Putting aside the few who have passed the voluntary examinations of the Inns of Court, nobody in London can say whether a particular barrister has any legal capacity at all till he begins to obtain practice, and, when he obtains practice, he will be very eccentric or very simple if he consents to go to India. Nor is it an immaterial remark that, even if the SECRETARY OF STATE has a candidate for office recommended to him who has really employed his time with profit, he will probably be the last man who ought to sit in an Indian tribunal. A young English lawyer, trained as the majority of young English lawyers are trained, by simple attendance in the chambers of a conveyancer or special pleader, has always at first an ultra-technical bias; indeed, the greater his cleverness, the stronger at starting is sure to be his taste for technicality. It is only with time, practice, and experience that the better kind of mind works itself free from its early fancy. But

the aid and instruction of such assessors as these are exactly what the Indian civilians do *not* require. Indian procedure has, in fact, the defects which were thought, until quite recently, the beauties of the administration of law in England. The system of the regulation-provinces was founded when English lawyers were unaware, or had forgotten, that justice is the end for which law exists; and its inferiority to English jurisprudence, so far as it really is inferior, has arisen from the accident that there has not been in India, as there has been in England, a public to force on tribunals and practitioners a sense of their primary obligations. To send out a swarm of young English lawyers to reform Indian law is like sending an Irish brigade to Damascus to instruct the Mahometans in toleration.

The worst of Sir CHARLES WOOD's proposal is that, if carried into action, it will probably stand in the way of improvements which are really desirable and practicable. Of the necessity of a legal training for Indian civilians who are intended for the judicial line there cannot be a question. So long as Haylebury existed, they had something of the kind; and that it was not inefficient is proved by the avowal several times made by Law Lords in the House of Peers, that the Privy Council, as Supreme Court of Appeal from dependencies, has much oftener to reverse the decisions of the Crown Courts than the judgments of the Company's tribunals. But, with the system of open competition, the education of civilians in law has ceased. The young men who now obtain appointments are absurdly expected to qualify themselves for judicial duties by attending trials at Westminster Hall; and even this grotesque training is frequently cut short by a summons to repair before their time to India. It is imperatively necessary that the SECRETARY OF STATE should provide some substitute for that education in the principles of law which was formerly furnished at Haylebury. We offer no specific suggestion on the point, but we may observe that, if Sir CHARLES WOOD desires to put off on the Inns of Court the duty of educating judges for the old Company's Courts, he must take care that it is both a real and a special education. The Inns of Court have a system of their own, but it is not fitted in all its parts for the training of men who are to deal with the conflict of native laws in India; and moreover it may be evaded at pleasure. There is indeed not the slightest reason why the Inns of Court should not educate a special class of lawyers for Indian service. They have great facilities for it, and the only question is whether they have the will or will take the trouble to confer (under proper conditions) on the profession which they affect to superintend what would unquestionably be a great boon. The education given would have of course to be carefully directed to its proper objects. It would deal more with principles of jurisprudence than with quirks of technical law. It would call off attention from the fictions and feudal barbarisms which swarm in our system, and direct it to those provinces of English law which are, or ought to be, its pride. Above all, it would test knowledge by stringent examinations. There are plausible objections—though we do not think them conclusive—to the compulsory examination of persons who desire to share in the lucrative monopoly of the Bar; but all would agree that they do not apply to the case of lawyers who are to administer justice on the other side of the world before they have opened their lips in an English Court.

#### OCEAN TELEGRAPHS.

**T**HE Committee upon Postage and Telegraph Contracts have taken so narrow a view of the subject of their investigation, that the Third Report, which deals with Telegraph Contracts, is one of the most useless documents ever enshrined in a Blue-book. The important question on which some assistance was expected from the Committee was whether it was incumbent on the Government to take any, and what, part in furthering telegraphic enterprises. Very conflicting theories had been broached on the subject. According to one view, no political or national advantages are sufficient to justify the Government in running any risk in order to lay the foundation of ocean lines of communication with our scattered colonies and military posts. It is said that the Government ought to wait for twenty, or fifty, or a hundred years, until private enterprise has established telegraphic lines all over the world, rather than hazard the smallest outlay upon schemes which may possibly fail, but which, when successful (and sooner or later they must succeed), will add

enormously to the security of the country, besides conferring incalculable benefits upon commerce. At this moment any emergency in the Mediterranean might be telegraphed to Paris ten or twelve days sooner than it would, in time of war, be known at the Admiralty; and the practical result must be that the two great divisions of the French navy would form one united fleet, while our Channel and Mediterranean squadrons would be separated by an interval of nearly a fortnight. The difference might be enough to convert a victory into a disaster, and this is only one example of the vast national importance of keeping up the most rapid communication between all the scattered elements of our naval power. Notwithstanding such vital considerations as these, there is a school of economists strong in those guides of feeble minds—stereotyped maxims—who insist that no exception shall be allowed to the general policy of this country, to leave all great undertakings to private enterprise.

Among those less extreme politicians who are not so obstinately wedded to a political formula as to sacrifice to it every consideration of Imperial security and power, another schism of opinion exists as to the mode in which the aid of Government should be given to telegraphic enterprises. The comparative advantages of granting a subsidy or guarantee to a private company, and undertaking the work by the hands of a Government department, have been often discussed; and the conclusion to which most persons who have thought upon the subject have come is, that when once the nation really takes upon itself the risk of a costly experiment, it is more rational and more economical to retain the possible profits for the public benefit than to enter into a one-sided contract, by which all the advantage is to be reaped by private speculators, and all the consequences of failure to fall upon the Consolidated Fund. An authoritative decision upon these conflicting views has long been a desideratum; and if the Committee had contributed to the solution of this rather difficult problem, they would have conferred an incalculable benefit on the country. They have considered, however, that they were appointed to settle matters of form rather than matters of substance; and while they are very instructive upon the impropriety of obtaining Parliamentary sanction to Telegraph contracts by the machinery of a private Bill, they carefully abstain from expressing any opinion, whether the Government ought to lie by and do nothing at all, or to assist private companies or foreign Governments by conditional or unconditional guarantees, or to take upon itself the execution of works which are even more important for military than for commercial purposes. Very valuable evidence was obtained from Mr. STEPHENSON and Mr. LIONEL GISBORNE upon the points which most required explanation. On the political and national value of having telegraphic communication free from foreign control, it was not necessary to enlarge; but the question whether the risk which the Government would run is confined within moderate limits—whether enterprises of this kind are so far feasible as to encourage a reasonable expectation of substantial success—is the most essential, if not the only essential one to decide. The immense value of an independent British system of ocean telegraphs is obvious. The impossibility of bringing such undertakings to a successful issue by private means is, for the present at any rate, clearly demonstrated; and either the Government must take the matter up, or the great achievement of establishing a universal system of telegraphs will be delayed, as so many other great undertakings have been delayed, for many years after all the means of success were within our reach. With respect to the feasibility of deep-sea telegraphs, the evidence given to the Committee by the only two witnesses whom they chose to examine is more encouraging than could have been expected; and the practical evidence of persons engaged in the operations of telegraphy which the Committee did not think fit to receive, would perhaps have gone still further to remove the doubts which the total or partial failure of several attempted lines has naturally created.

These failures become much less alarming when the causes of them are looked into. The financial difficulty is at the bottom of this, as of all the other troubles of Telegraph Companies. A long deep-sea line is a very costly thing to make and to lay, and in almost every case where a cable has parted or become defective, after being once safely paid-out, the fault has been traceable either to the circumstance that economy was more considered than efficiency in the design of the cable, or else to the bad manufacture of portions of the wire. Besides the risk of failure after successful submergence, there is of course considerable danger of a fracture during

the operation; but the one may be almost entirely obviated by the use of better apparatus, and the other by having the cables manufactured on a more suitable scale and under more complete supervision. This the Government would be more likely to do than a Company struggling to keep down the limit of a capital which it can only with the greatest difficulty manage to raise even with the artificial support of a Government guarantee. All the evidence on the subject clearly points to the necessity of telegraphic, like postage, communication being undertaken by the Government, at least so far as ocean lines are concerned; and the Committee, though they decided not to entertain the great question which was brought before them, and to offer no suggestions as to the conditions under which telegraphic contracts should be entered into by Government, could not refrain from recording "their strong conviction of the very great importance of having an independent means of telegraphic communication, free from all foreign superintendence and control, with our stations in the Mediterranean and our empire in the East, at as early a period as possible after the difficulties at present attending the successful laying of a telegraph cable for distances of considerable extent shall be overcome."

If it be true, as it appears to be, that these difficulties are nearly all resolvable into the difficulty of finding money enough to do work of this kind in the perfect way which is essential to success, the suggestion of the Committee amounts to this—that the Government, being in a position to attain success far more favourable than that of any possible private Company, is to defer a great national undertaking until individual enterprise has effected, after perhaps half a century, what it is in the power of the Government to do at this moment. The experiment of a deep-sea cable constructed on the most approved plan, and laid down with the most perfect appliances which science can provide, has not yet been tried; and past mishaps seem to be almost entirely due to unfortunate attempts to save a little here and a little there, which have endangered, and in so many instances altogether defeated, the object in view. It is not likely that such an experiment will be tried in the first instance by any private company; and when the importance of the object in view is considered, the case does appear to be one for a departure from the generally prudent rule of leaving all engineering undertakings to be carried out by private enterprise. The truth is, that these ocean telegraphs are much more national than merely commercial works, and they deserve to be treated by the Government in a larger and more national spirit than has yet been displayed.

#### DECENCY.

EVERYBODY is agreed that a hundred years ago society was much less decent than it is at present. Perhaps fifty years back there was an improvement, for the Court favoured respectability. Five-and-twenty years ago the improvement had gone a stage further, but the flavour of the Regency lingered on into the days of William IV. Now, society is altering for the better every year. But the world does not get good all at once; and just as there is always something good in bad things, there is something faulty even in the most desirable changes. In all things except the very highest goodness, the brightest body is accompanied by its appropriate shadow; and we are startled to find that out of the very midst of that on which we pride ourselves springs a consequence of which we are ashamed. The decency of modern society affords an instance of this. Society is decent, but this decency has generated its own peculiar indecency. We do not refer to such foolish outbreaks of prurient prudery as prompt the countrywomen of Walt Whitman to see indelicacy in the commonest things. The delicacy of Americans is neither right nor wrong—it is simply an ignorance of the usages of good society. The indecency of decency is an evil much more subtle than this. Society has widened its range—more people are included in it—town and country are brought together—young persons associate more freely. There is a greater community of ideas and of literary studies—there is a greater knowledge of foreign countries and books. All these things are good and decent in their way. It is only because society has got more decent that this condition of society has sprung into existence; and it is only because society is more extended, more public, more literary, more comprehensive, that it has become decent. But there is a thorn in the midst of all this sweetness. We have invented a new kind of indecency which it is not very pleasant to contemplate, and it is one against which a decent society is much concerned in putting itself on its guard.

"Fast girls," as they are called, are a striking illustration of this. "What is a fast girl? She is really a woman who has lost her respect for men, and for whom men have lost their respect. There may be nothing very bad in her—it is not a question of

virtue and vice—but the edge of her modesty is off, and men approach her with a certain feeling of easy insolence. She does something or says something which she is not exactly expected to do or say. Very often she is not a person in fashionable society—her smartness is all at second-hand. She lives, perhaps, in the country, where she calls the men with good whiskers bricks, and their more stubby friends "muffs." She bets a little, and drinks a very little, and even sometimes smokes on the sly. She wishes it to be understood that her favourite occupation is feeding a big dog, that she never does any work, and will never marry any one but an officer. This is by no means a bad sort of fast girl. She has been well represented in a novel called *Kate Coventry*, where, however, the author disguised his consciousness of the unpleasant impression his heroine must make. There is a far worse kind of "fast girl." There are young women who are in the habit of talking with men on subjects which are scarcely proper, and in language which is still more doubtful. There are young ladies—and these, we believe, are almost exclusively in fashionable society—who permit men to forget in their presence the line that separates the impure woman from the pure, and who are not ashamed to gossip about those of whom they ought not to seem to know. There is something very unhealthy in a society where this is possible. We do not mean that such a fashion is very widely prevalent, but it notoriously exists, and it is equally notorious that a custom, however bad, which begins in London, spreads into the country. How has such a state of things come about? Clearly from causes in the existence of which we all triumph. It results from the greater ease with which people approach each other, from a growing appetite for excitement produced by literature and newspaper discussion, from the perusal of Continental fiction, and even from the greater amount of virtue, in its technical sense, which distinguishes women in the present day. A woman of faint principles is apt to think she may venture on great lengths when her honour is not at stake. It also perhaps results from the abolition of duelling. Men are no longer afraid of each other. They know that no minor offences against women will be punished by male relations. They do not fear that a slightly indelicate conversation will end in pistols for two and coffee for one—and so they trade upon the impunity that a decent society guarantees them.

There is also another kind of indecency which springs from decent society. There is the indecency that arises from the publicity which many private persons have bestowed or intruded on them. As people get to act more habitually together, and as they learn how to gratify their tastes with greater speed and completeness, they get a sort of out-of-doors standard, and encourage each other in doing collectively what each individual would shrink from doing. As an example, we may refer to the story that the ladies of the congregation of a popular preacher are subscribing for a fund to procure him a divorce. In plain language, these women are putting into a lottery where the popular preacher, after his release, is to be the one prize, and all the other numbers are to be blanks. What woman would own this and act up to it if her case stood alone? But each one has been encouraged to cherish a fictitious interest in this object of a distant and affectionate admiration. The conspicuous position of this public character seems to make it right to pay him exceptional compliments. A different standard of right and wrong is set up when the person to be judged stands apart from the mass. And, if it is right for others to feel as they do towards the common idol, each lady feels that it is certainly right for her to imitate her neighbours. The consequence is this divorce-lottery—one of the strangest tributes, perhaps, ever offered by women to a Christian minister; and yet a decent society likes all the causes that lead to it. Nothing can be more desirable than that women should love to hear sermons, and that a person who preaches good sermons should awaken interest, and that persons who think alike should unite for a common purpose. Publicity also serves to make things seem allowable which, when presented more privately, would be condemned. There is thought to be no harm in looking at what many goodish people are looking at also. There was, for instance, the *Traviata*. This was a strange spectacle for English girls trained up in modesty and virtue. The luxury, the splendour, and the passions of a Magdalen are not exactly the images that a strict mother would like her daughter to dwell on. But society saw, and saw truly, that these things are different when looked on in public; and the unimpeachable character of the actress who took the chief part was in itself a sort of guarantee for the propriety of the piece. That is, decency was a guarantee for indecency. If the general run of operas had been immoral, or if the *Traviata* had been played by a woman of bad reputation, decent society would have taken alarm; but, as everything was as possible as circumstances would permit, young ladies were taken freely to contemplate for hours an exhibition of the sorrows of a dying prostitute. We do not wish to say that society was altogether wrong in this. There is a danger in over-prudery; but, whatever might be the excuse, this was a case in which decency led the way to indecency.

Closely allied to indecency of the sort last mentioned is the indecency popularized by philanthropy. Here, again, we must remark that we do not mean to attack the causes because we point out the result. We do not wish to deride the philanthropists, because we say that they help to spread indecent notions. But that they do, is, we think, unquestionable. A story is current which illustrates this. It is said that, not long ago, a well-

known divine and philanthropist was walking in a crowded street at night in order to distribute tracts to promising subjects. A young woman was walking up and down, and he accosted her. He pointed out to her the error of her ways, implored her to reform, and tendered her a tract, with fervent entreaties to go home and read it. The girl stared at him for a moment or two in sheer bewilderment; at last it dawned on her what he meant and for what he took her, and, looking up with simple amusement in his face, she exclaimed, "Lor' bless you, sir, I aint a social evil, I'm waiting for the 'bus.'" Of this anecdote it may be observed, first, that the effect of the philanthropist's interference was to implant in the young woman's breast the pleasant conviction that every time she waited for a 'bus she was taken to be a lost character. Her imagination, while she was pursuing this innocent occupation, would thenceforth be tainted with the thought of what men thought of her. Secondly, she had already got the euphemism of a "social evil" at her fingers' ends. Decent society has invented an expression which has made nameable certain things that were unnameable. It is, we suppose, more tolerable to a young woman to think of the things which it is more tolerable to her to speak of; and the society that supplies her with euphemisms has done something to break down the barriers of virtue. The publications and proceedings of certain special charities are also a queer kind of literature for young ladies. And yet the charities are very good charities, and it is the peculiar duty of women who are young, happy, and rich to be charitable. It is, however, scarcely too much to say that some of the publications that proceed from charities are simply pious evasions of Lord Campbell's Act. Histories of fallen women are histories of fallen women, although texts and lamentations are interwoven; and when a correct photograph is advertised of all the women collected at one of the midnight meetings, Holywell-street has something to keep it in countenance.

When we think of the days of George II. or of the Regency, we may be very glad that we live in the times of decent society; but when we think of the indecency of decent society, we may be very glad that there is something better. There are, we all know, thousands of English homes where this decent indecency never penetrates—where home duties are quietly pursued, and home pleasures are quietly enjoyed—where the girls are not fast, where slang is never heard, and where charity is not allowed to come in a questionable shape. Such homes are the strength and the beauty of the country. It is true that they do not solve the problems of life. They are outside of the current in which difficult questions are agitated. They do not overcome temptations, because they are not exposed to them. It is no glory or credit for the daughter of a country clergyman not to be a *Kate Coventry*. But quiet homes pour the healing force into decent society which prevents its indecency overpowering it; and after thinking over the evils that attend man's improvement, it is as pleasant to escape in thought to those homes as it is to get to them in fact after the weariness of a certain amount of decent society has been honestly undergone.

#### THE EASTBOURNE MANSLAUGHTER.

**F**EW of the terrible stories which the strong hand of the law has dragged from obscurity into broad daylight for the punishment of crime and the instruction of mankind have exceeded in horror and interest that of the schoolmaster Hopley, who last Monday took his trial at Lewes before Chief-Justice Cockburn. The trial was, indeed, devoid of the sort of excitement which is occasioned when a jury has to act upon a nice balance of probabilities, and when every new fact elicited, every argument of counsel, every expression of the judge, may materially influence the decision at which it finally arrives. From beginning to end of the case, there was hardly a shadow of doubt as to what the verdict must be. Neither the pertinacious courage of Serjeant Ballantine nor the keen-sighted impartiality of the Chief Justice could discover a single flaw in the chain of evidence, or suggest any view of the matter which would justify an acquittal. Every important circumstance was satisfactorily attested by witnesses whose intelligence and veracity seemed to be unquestioned; while several collateral details, not essential to a conviction, but useful in clearing away the few remaining uncertainties of the story, were unintentionally supplied by the prisoner himself in his statement before the magistrates. Indeed, in addressing the jury, the counsel for the defence frankly confessed the hopelessness of his case, and contented himself with suggesting considerations which might lead to the verdict which he saw was inevitable being coupled with a recommendation to mercy.

Few persons will be disposed to object to the wise severity of the sentence. It is only a maudlin tenderness that would counsel leniency toward criminal mistakes where the mistake affects the dearest interests of society, and where the criminality is so nearly allied as in the present instance to all that is most brutal and ferocious in human nature. The intention of the agent is indeed a primary consideration in estimating the moral significance of the act; but it is a just provision of our law, that when the consequences of an act are easily discernible, those consequences shall be held to have been intended, even when no intention is directly proved, and that it shall not be open to a wrong-doer to shelter himself behind the unpardonable carelessness or

stupidity which may have blinded his eyes as to the necessary results of his conduct. In the present case, there can be no doubt that Hopley, even on his own showing, was unpardonably stupid and careless, and that he suffered that carelessness and stupidity to lead him to such a series of outrages upon the poor lad who died under his hands as to make his righteous punishment a matter of public congratulation. We dismiss the hypothesis, by no means an improbable one, of Hopley's temper having been roused into savagery during his conflict with the boy, and so having betrayed him into acts of cruelty from which he would have shrunk in horror in his calmer moments. We think, indeed, that this is the most natural explanation, but we prefer to judge of him by the statements of his apologists, and we believe that, even according to these, his treatment of Cancellor was so utterly inexcusable as amply to justify the heavy penalty which he is now about to undergo.

How then does his case stand? In the first place, by taking an extremely small number of pupils, and by charging a very high price for their education, he holds out to the world that he will devote more than customary attention to the study of their characters, and that he possesses more than ordinary qualifications for prosecuting that study with skill, calmness, and discrimination. The responsibility so assumed is no slight matter, and should the person assuming it prove utterly incompetent, he must take the consequences. Mr. Hopley, however, had no misgivings, and Reginald Cancellor was entrusted to his care at a yearly premium of £180. The most casual observation might have disclosed several peculiarities of person and temper to which a teacher, one would think, would attach the greatest importance. The boy's head was unnaturally large, "he had very feeble circulation," "was very nervous and timid, and was afraid to go over a plank by himself." Then, though more than fifteen years old, he displayed occasionally a strange inability to count, was unable to distinguish the commonest coins, and sank at times into a state of either pretended or actual helplessness. Though the boy was generally extremely affectionate and tender-hearted, his sagacious instructor chose to consider this helplessness as pretended, and treated it, whenever it occurred, as a fit of obstinacy. Towards the end of last April, Mr. Hopley perceived that one of these stubborn humours was about to set in, and he resolved upon decisive measures. The unruly spirit was to be driven out, he thought, by the rudest and most violent form of exorcism—that of physical agony. Accordingly, he wrote to the father of the boy, stating that gentle treatment was proving entirely unsuccessful, and asking permission to encounter persistent wrong-doing by the threat, and, at last, the infliction of corporal punishment. Hopley's letter was worded so carefully, and bespoke so much gentleness and consideration on the part of the writer, that the father was completely thrown off his guard, and sanctioned the adoption of stern disciplinary measures in case remonstrance and warning should fail in producing their due effect. Armed with this general authority, Hopley proceeded at once to carry his design into execution. One evening, after the other pupils had gone to bed, he sent for the boy into the school-room, and, according to his own statement, "prayed with him, and adjured him to submit, and told him what the alternative would be." The boy continued obstinate, and his master looked about for some instrument of correction. The alleged obstinacy appears to have consisted in refusing to perform some simple calculation which Mr. Hopley "knew perfectly he could do," if he chose. The state of the boy's brain, when examined at the post-mortem examination, showed that in all probability Mr. Hopley was utterly wrong, and that his victim was not unwilling, but absolutely unable to perform the task exacted from him. The master, however, was resolute: he had made up his mind that "if he began with physical punishment he must follow it up till he had conquered the boy," and accordingly the pitched battle, with strength, authority, deliberation on the one side, and a diseased brain, a nervous organization, terror, and agony on the other, forthwith began. Its details we shall never know, but enough is certain to prove beyond a doubt that the master pursued his absurd design remorselessly to one of its two possible results. He had apparently determined to kill or cure, and he killed. At intervals, for the next two hours, the servants of the household heard the sounds of blows, screams of the tortured lad, and various noises which suggested the idea of a violent scuffle. At a quarter to twelve they heard their master either drag or push the boy upstairs into his bedroom. There the struggle recommenced, words were overheard which seemed part of some arithmetical lesson, the blows and screams again followed, till at last, at a quarter past twelve, the movements ceased,—"all of a sudden there was a complete stillness in the room." Presently "there were sounds of some one slushing water," and frequent footsteps on the stairs, and the next morning the servants learned that little Cancellor was dead. The condition of the body left no doubt as to the horrible inhumanity with which the unequal contest had been conducted. In one place, thick masses of extravasated blood—in another, the cellular membrane "reduced to a perfect jelly, and in fact lacerated and torn to pieces by the blows inflicted"—in another, a deep wound as of some blunt instrument driven violently into the flesh, made it perfectly certain that Hopley had steeled his heart against every thought of mercy, and had stuck at nothing which could ensure him the conquest upon which he had set his heart. The Chief Justice instructed the jury that they had only two points to decide—first, whether the punishment was immo-

derate, and secondly, whether it was the real cause of the boy's death. The unanimous testimony of the medical authorities decided the second question in the affirmative, and of course, in so doing, made it impossible for the jury to answer the first in any way but one.

The only serious endeavour on the part of the defence was to show that Cancellor was alive when Mr. Hopley left him at a quarter past twelve. On this point the jury were not required to express an opinion, but the learned Judge said, without hesitation, that every circumstance in the case went, in his opinion, to show that the boy had died under his tormentor's hands. There was nothing, in fact, to support the contrary view except the prisoner's own statement; and this, as he had lied unscrupulously throughout the whole transaction, of course could go for very little. Lights were seen at an unaccountably late hour in the windows of the house, footsteps were heard in Cancellor's bedroom; before morning an attempt had been made to efface the stains of blood in various places, and the clothes of the dead child had been partially washed. All this seemed quite irreconcileable with the prisoner's story, that he left young Cancellor "happy and contented" at night, and found him dead next morning at six o'clock. Besides this, he told the magistrates that the limbs were at that time already stiffening; and this, all the doctors considered, showed that life had been extinct for six or seven hours at the least, and seemed to point to "the sudden stillness," of which the servant spoke, as the real moment at which poor Cancellor expired.

The result of the whole investigation must be to confirm the distrust and dislike with which most sensible Englishmen regard such exceptional and pretentious systems of education as that which has just been brought to so disgraceful an exposure. Mr. Hopley convinced his employers, and possibly himself, of the especial elevation of his character, and of the large degree in which the most delicate and sacred sentiments might, in his hands, be safely employed in influencing the young. It was a system of tenderness and entreaty, of constant appeals to religious conviction, of passionate prayers, of solemn adjurations. It was all that the most fidgety of weak-minded mothers could have desired, and it ended in something very like murder. Mr. Hopley drew a picture, which he meant to be touching, but which seems to us infinitely repulsive, of the wretched, maudlin behaviour of his pupil and himself. A man of forty, one moment on his knees, and the next perpetrating the vilest cruelty—a boy of fifteen, now hopelessly stubborn, and now "bursting into tears, flinging himself on his teacher's breast, and asking to be allowed to say his lesson"—now deaf to all admonition, and now "talking about his relations at home" with the man who has just been flogging him like a hound—these are not the sort of scenes which bespeak true nobleness and sensibility, or which give any promise of good results for those who are reared in so artificial and unhealthy an atmosphere. We are happy to think they are probably the lies of a frightened coward, and that the poor little fellow died bravely under the lash without disgracing himself by an exchange of unmanly blandishments with the cruel hypocrite who was torturing him into his grave. The great schools where English boys are trained to be firm, manly, and self-contained, proceed on a different system. No effort is made to stimulate the morbid sensibility into which the religion of childhood too soon degenerates. Few appeals are made to feelings which, in a healthy lad, are thoroughly immature and undisciplined. The solemn considerations which influence the full-grown man are introduced sparingly, with the reverential caution that knows how soon familiarity may breed contempt. Masters and pupils learn alike the advantages of self-restraint, moderation, and decent reserve. Publicity makes the occurrence of such outrages as Hopley's a simple impossibility; and Reginald Cancellor's cruel death will not have been without its useful end if it warns impudent pretenders from the assumption of a dangerous responsibility, and leads timorous and distrustful parents to prefer the sturdy discipline, rough comforts, and manly amusements of a public school to the doubtful advantages of educational contrivances whose plausible exterior may cover every sort of abomination, and whose managers may some day, by some such catastrophe as the present, be exposed to the execration of society as hypocrites and quacks.

#### CONVENTIONALITY.

EVERY age has its bugbears, and few have been more plentifully provided with them than our own. One of the most universally dreaded and denounced is conventionality. A book, an opinion, a maxim, can hardly be attacked more effectively than by the imputation that it is conventional—or, as it is sometimes put, "purely conventional." It is generally considered that, if this charge is made out, it is sufficient to deprive that against which it is brought of all claims either to admiration or to sympathy. Few, however, of those who use the word "conventional" in a bad sense have ever taken the pains to think what it means. Its meaning is, however, in fact, a very definite though not a very obvious one; and this meaning, when clearly understood, is curious and instructive, and brings into light several points which do not usually obtain as much notice as they deserve. There are two principal senses in which the word in question may be used. Rules of conduct, maxims, style, and other things, are said to be conventional when they come up to a standard im-

posed upon them by the indefinite common opinion and sentiment of society at large on the subject-matters to which they respectively refer. Signs which denote things are also said to be conventional when the connexion between them arises entirely out of positive agreement, and does not depend upon any natural inherent similarity. An instance of the use of the word in the first sense is the description of a man's manners as conventional when they are formed with reference to the standard which the common sentiment of society erects in such matters. The conventional association of the tricolour flag with French democracy is an instance of the other sense in which the word is used. Red, white, and blue are not more closely or necessarily connected with the French Revolution than any other number or description of colours. Some flag being required, they were chosen, but anything else would have done equally well.

It is obvious that it is only the first of these two senses of the word which either is or ever can be used in a depreciatory sense, and the reason why it is so used is equally apparent. Like many other words, it is euphemistic. It denies the correlative of that which it asserts, and thus implies, not that people's manners, language, or thoughts do come up to the standard imposed by common sentiment, but that they do not exceed it. Thus, the word conventional, in its depreciatory sense, is merely equivalent to commonplace and insipid; and this use of it has so entirely superseded its positive application, that the fact that it either was or is capable of having one has been almost universally forgotten. This is to be regretted, because the positive application of the word points to a truth which is always important, but which has a special importance in our day, when all social institutions are put upon their trial.

This truth is, that it is one of the most important functions of society to set up what are described as conventional standards of morality, of thought, of taste, and of manners; and the fact that these standards are low and imperfect is not only not a ground for just reproach or sarcasm, but a circumstance which is absolutely essential to their existence. In order to appreciate the force of this remark it is necessary to take a general view of the relations in which individuals and society at large stand towards each other. "Society" is almost always spoken of as a sort of corporation, chargeable in its collective capacity with a very large proportion of the evils which affect its members. What right (it is often asked with indignation) has society to punish a man for a crime when it has allowed him to grow up in ignorance of his first duties? If there is a pestilence, society is taxed with leaving towns and villages untrained. If young men are licentious, society is said to be in fault for erecting in the minds of the comfortable classes a standard of comfort which discourages early marriages. In short, the assumption that men in their corporate capacity are justly chargeable with all the individual evil which they do not prevent, and which, by any exercise of power, however unusual, they might prevent, pervades a great deal of the most popular and influential literature of the day. It is perhaps necessary that all inquiries into subjects which have not been shown to be capable of strict scientific treatment should be conducted by the help of incorrect metaphors, which embody, with more or less inaccuracy, the floating opinions of the day upon the subjects to which they refer. Thus, a century and a-half ago, people were enabled to discuss the question of the limits of allegiance by the metaphor of the social contract; and they are now enabled to invest their opinion that men ought, by their collective efforts, to do more for each other individually than they have been in the habit of doing by the metaphor which describes society as a corporation or a partnership. But it should never be forgotten that these expressions are metaphors, and nothing more, and that counter-metaphors, or counter-applications of the same metaphors, may embody opinions which are just as true, and demand at least as much attention. The metaphor that society is a vast partnership or corporation is generally employed to enforce the truth that men ought to be of service to each other. It may, with equal propriety, be employed to enforce the truth that men ought not to seek to be of service to each other except in certain ways and to a certain extent; for though it is true that the funds of a corporation or of a partnership ought to be employed for the common good, it is equally true that such bodies always exist for limited objects, and that, if they try to act beyond their proper sphere they do more harm than good. Thus, the solution of the question as to the sphere of the operations and obligations of society in reference to particular departments of life is not assisted in any degree by metaphors which invest it with a sort of corporate personality, but depends entirely upon the results which its action is likely to produce.

With regard to the subjects referred to above—namely, morality, thought, taste, and manners—there can be no doubt that the motives which invest them with importance, and the feelings from which they derive their beauty, are not collective, but individual. The real strength and binding force of morality is derived from the individual hopes and fears to which its exercise gives rise, and from the feeling of approbation of what is right, and dislike of what is wrong, which its contemplation excites in individual minds. A man's manners, in the same way, are good or bad according to the precision with which he feels what is due from himself to others, and from others to him, and the delicacy with which he embodies these feelings in the minute details of his conduct. Every one, of course, derives his expe-

rience upon these matters from others, and he also derives most of his opinions respecting them from the general stock of sentiment which prevails in the society in which he lives; but he can only make them his own in any real sense by individually perceiving their force, and appropriating them to his own conduct. They can only be offered to him, not imposed on him, by others. The distinction consists in this—that what is offered to a person he accepts or rejects according to his own views, but what is imposed upon him is enforced by penalties. Law affords the best illustration of this. It never offers, but always imposes. There are many good reasons why a man should be a good husband and father, but the law has no tendency to make him one. It only punishes him if he deserts his family so that they become chargeable to the parish.

Conventional rules occupy, with relation to the subject-matter to which they apply, precisely the same position which law occupies in relation to its subject-matter. They do, or ought to, impose upon men just that amount of conformity with the principles of morality, taste, and good manners which it is desirable to attempt to impose, reference being had to the general state of feeling and conduct of the society in which they exist; and it is just as absurd to ridicule or depreciate conventionality because the standard which it sets up in this matter is a low one—so long as it is sound so far as it goes—as it would be to ridicule or depreciate law because a man may never break the law and yet be a very wicked man. The ordinary reproach cast upon society is, that it is grossly unjust—that it will ignore the deepest sins whilst it punishes the most trifling violation of etiquette—that it will prefer a man who is perfectly insipid in thought, taste, and feeling to a man of genius who wears hobnail shoes, and does not carry a pocket-handkerchief—that it has no objection to any amount of calumny, whilst it is utterly intolerant of rustic manners; and this sort of antithesis may be drawn out to any required length. The answer is twofold. In the first place, it is the business of society to enforce all its rules, and the fact that its influence over morality is but slight affords no reason why it should not exercise its equally slight influence over manners. It does not follow that because society takes cognizance of lying, but not of malignity, it ought not also to take cognizance of bad grammar. The second answer is, that the penalties which it inflicts are, and ought to be, slight in all cases. It is, as far as it goes, a reason for speaking the truth that it is disreputable to lie; but it is a very poor and weak reason. If there were no higher reasons for truthfulness, a man would be a weak fool indeed who shrank from lying whenever it suited him, merely because his neighbours disliked it. It is wonderful that people should not see that, by calling on society to be just, merciful, and consistent, they admit its jurisdiction, and invest the opinions which their neighbours entertain of them with a degree of importance to which they are not at all entitled.

Conventional rules are small things, and, as far as they go, they are good things. Those who exclaim against their tyranny, and wish to see them altered, utterly mistake their object and immensely overrate their importance.

#### THE DIGNITY OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

**E**VERYBODY has among his acquaintance some fussy old man, who, believing it to be a mark of genius to distrust his servants, insists on looking after everything for himself. Nothing is to be done in the house except under his own eye. He casts up his own bills, buys his own blacking, and stands over the housemaid to see that she lights the fire according to his own peculiar plan. He has his own views on the hemming of pocket-handkerchiefs, though he never can get the maids to understand them; and he is firmly persuaded that no one living can choose house-linen except himself. Everything will be mismanaged, he is quite sure, unless it passes through his hands. Of course the result is that everything falls into arrear, and nothing is done, because it is waiting till he can attend to it. At last the accumulation of postponements becomes intolerable, and all the things that have been waiting for his leisure are done in a hurry, anyhow and by anybody, at the last moment. But no sooner are his arrears cleared off than the incorrigible old fuzzer begins again; and so, to the infinite discomfort of his family, he passes his life breathlessly scrambling to overtake the mass of petty business which he has not the sense to leave to others. Unfortunately, this minute activity is not confined to paterfamilias, and makes other people miserable besides wives and daughters. It is a haste without speed that distinguishes minds of small ambition in every position of authority, up to the very highest departments in the State; and nowhere does the evil rage more virulently or with worse result than in the House of Commons.

The meddlesomeness which has always been one of the defects of this venerable body has increased upon it of late years with terrible rapidity. Like an alderman at the end of an extraordinary carouse, its appetite has reached the morbid point at which repletion no longer satiates. Year after year its business mounts higher and higher. Year after year it absorbs into its jurisdiction, and takes under its review, more and more departments of the State; and still its craving for nominal authority is unappeased. It grapples as eagerly with the lowest matters as the highest. It discusses in the same evening the foreign policy of France and the walks in Kensington Gardens. On one night

there will be a fierce debate and a great excitement because a war in China is to be censured, or the 150 millions of our Indian fellow-subjects handed over to a new government—on another, because an unlucky German artist, a *protégé* of the Prince Consort's, is to be deprived of his pay. Even since Mr. Roebuck's Committee, the House has looked upon itself as a great authority in military matters. It takes supreme delight in futile efforts to reorganize the army by debates and resolutions. It criticises military manœuvres, and is fond of sketching out imaginary campaigns for the benefit of generals in the field. It takes the British soldier under its special protection, cuts out his clothes for him, selects his weapons, reviews the sentences of the court martial that tyrannize over him, and recommends for promotion the officers whom, after a cursory perusal of the newspapers, it thinks most deserving. No doubt we shall see it next week very learned on the subject of fortifications, and great on the superiority of earthworks to brick. It would wish to pass, too, for a notable judge of art. It fights in legislative halls the battle of the Gothic and the Italian styles, and spends its scanty hours in deciding whether the old pictures Sir Charles Eastlake has purchased are genuine or copied. Its all-embracing activity descends even to yet smaller things. The bridge in St. James's Park, the cleansing of the Serpentine, the extension of Rotten Row, the planting of the flower-pots near the Marble Arch, have all drawn in their turn eager speeches, and cheers, and counter-cheers from the same benches that choose the statesmen and fix the policy of the Empire. But even this is not low enough for the House of Commons to descend. It breaks still smaller flies on the legislative wheel. It is not satisfied unless it does the work of parish vestries and guardians, besides its own. If an Irish pauper has been removed from a London parish, the House of Commons devotes an evening to the consideration of the case. If a Welsh parish wishes to alter one of its roads, the House of Commons appoints a committee to sit for many days, and hear many counsel before the road is allowed to be touched. If a marsh is to be drained, if a town is to be lighted with gas or supplied with water, if a seaside place conceives a longing for a pier, if a railway company wishes to borrow a few thousand pounds, on all these things Committees must sit in hot Committee-rooms through many weary days, and all the ponderous forms of legislation must be struggled through. This private legislation, as it is called—which, for its costliness, its unfairness, its delay, and the utter ignorance and inefficiency of the Select Committees that conduct it, is a disgrace to English jurisprudence—is also, in no small degree, an impediment to the real business of the House of Commons. These local matters, which in America would be decided by the local assemblies whose duties are purely municipal, and in Germany by an executive department, very often create long discussions in the House of Commons, and so are a direct obstacle to legislation. But they operate still more efficiently in the same direction by preventing the introduction of morning sittings in the earlier portion of the session. These morning sittings are invaluable institutions. There is no end to the business that can be done in them if they are properly worked. In the first place, all the lawyers are well employed elsewhere, which has a direct tendency to shorten the debates. In the next place, most of the Ministers are absent at their offices, which is a great improvement on the existing practice. It is too much to expect that an unfortunate man condemned to close confinement on the Treasury bench will sit there all the day and night, and do nothing. It is easy to see that they often get up and talk for an hour or two for no other reason than that the *ennui* has become absolutely insupportable. The frothy orators, too, who waste so much of the House's time, are most of them happily in bed, or putting the last touch to that elaborate toilet which contributes in no small degree to their effect. The House is left almost entirely to the country gentleman; and after losing his way two or three times in a false concord, or struggling hopelessly with some unexpected enigma of syntax, the country gentleman soon gets tired of the ingenious but difficult pastime of threading his way through the intricacies of the English language. But of course, so long as all the working members of the House are grinding at parish work upstairs, it is impossible to make a House for morning sittings.

It is not as though the House performed thoroughly all the tasks it undertakes so recklessly. If such were the case, the country would have no reason to complain. Nothing would be left for it to do but to build a monument to the six hundred and odd gentlemen who are so patriotic as to do other people's work for nothing. But though everything is attempted, nothing in reality is done. These crowded nurseries starve each other. Amid the crush and pressure of great efforts, nothing at all gets through. The proverb reserves good intentions as paving for a place in no way connected with the House of Commons; but it may be literally said that the House might every year be papered with its own good intentions in the shape of Notices and Bills. If it would attempt not more than little of what it now attempts, it might possibly become a useful body in the State, instead of an expensive mechanism for enabling members to have their pamphlets gratuitously printed. If it would strip itself of some part of its claims, it might make an addition, sadly needed, to the scanty sum of its performances. If it would leave soldiering and the fine arts to those who have some knowledge of the subjects, allow some standing Committee to investigate the complaints against departments about which so much time is now talked away, and abandon the whole mass of private legislation either to an ex-

cutive authority or to the local bodies to whom it belongs, there would be a chance of some of the measures of law reform—for which the need is so crying—reaching the Statute-book at last. It is not efficiency, however, but dignity, that is nearest to the heart of the local notabilities of whom the House is principally composed. It is part of their hardy-earned state, it adds something to their importance, to have a finger in every pie and an iron in every fire. The gratification of a diseased vanity has brought most of them within those walls, and it must be their principal occupation while they remain there. No extension of power can satiate the self-importance whose cravings have been imperious enough to drive their victim through all the moral filth of a contested election. They sacrificed their dignity with a free hand in order to climb into Parliament; and when they have got there they must be repaid in kind. It is no matter of surprise, therefore, that no genuine efforts have been made to shovel away the excess of business which chokes all the channels of legislation. The evil is rather on the increase than on the wane. New fields of activity are being yearly opened for the energies which trip so lightly through the old ones as to leave not a footstep behind. It was but the other day that the government of India was passed over to the House of Commons as a distraction in leisure hours. No doubt this will not be suffered to be a dead letter. We may before long expect to see the beneficent process of incessant select committees, and irritating debates, and abortive legislation applied to the patient populations of India. Already claims are being put forward on the part of some active members to a right of close supervision over all the details of Indian expenditure. At all events, the proceedings of the House of Commons would gain in picturesqueness, and could hardly lose in utility, if their western monotony were occasionally varied by a few excursions into Indian politics. We shall no doubt get in time to a Select Committee on the incidence of Abkaree, and a First Commissioner of Daks with a seat in the House of Commons. It would only hasten a little the breakdown which, if the present system is persisted in, must inevitably come at last.

#### THE CUP DAY AT GOODWOOD.

THE Cup Day at Goodwood is eminently a national, and also an international, festival. We do not happen to remember hearing that Mr. Cobden was ever the guest of the Duke of Richmond during Goodwood races, and therefore we reject the supposition, which would otherwise appear highly probable, that the idea of the French Treaty of Commerce was conceived under the roof of a stanch Protectionist and Conservative. Certainly the valuable principle of giving weight to French and American competitors was not invented by the Chancellor of the Exchequer and his Manchester allies; but, on the contrary, it has for some time past been acted upon in the fullest manner by the managers of Goodwood races, who may be taken to represent, as nearly as possible, the opposite opinion upon every important subject on which it is possible for men to differ. As we read the names of the horses entered for the Goodwood Cup, our first sensation is one of pleased surprise at finding the doctrines of free-trade universally adopted by those who so long opposed them. The zeal of a new convert is often hotter than that of an experienced professor, and in accordance with this rule we see that at Goodwood free-trade is reduced to practice, whereas at Manchester it still rests a good deal in theory. The Cup course at Goodwood is an exact type of the competition to which the House of Commons is invited to commit the English paper-makers. It has been alleged that, if paper were largely made in the great towns of the North, such a proposal would never have been heard of. A democracy has a tendency, hitherto not generally understood, towards protection, and if you want to see a grand example of unselfish legislation, it is to be found in the conduct of the aristocracy who subscribe for the Goodwood Cup.

We can only hope that, if Mr. Cobden should prevail in his proposal for giving weight to foreigners, the English competitors may run, under the disadvantage which he seeks to lay upon them, as gallantly and as successfully as did the winner of the Cup this week at Goodwood. Really we do not think that the prospects of native industry ever looked so mournful as in the list of entries for this race. The foreigner buys our horses, breeds from them, and imports the produce back again to this country, where he trains it in our own manner and mounts it with our best jockeys, and then competes with English owners at an allowance of fourteen pounds. With a due sense of our liberality, three French and four American horses promised to appear at Goodwood. The most dreaded of these visitors was Dangu, who, at equal weights, had run a good fourth in the Derby, only Thormanby, Wizard, and Horror being ahead of him. The two first-named horses were now out of the way; and over a course twice as long as Epsom it was to be feared that Horror could not maintain his slight advantage under a stone difference in weight. But if Horror could not uphold the national honour, what other horse could? There was Butterfly, the winner of the Oaks, giving, by the privilege of her sex, only ten pounds to Dangu, and no better able to afford it than Horror was to give a stone. As it turned out, Dangu did not start, and thus many predictions were overthrown; but two of his compatriots and two Americans came to the post, and with them only four English horses—a sight which Mr. Cobden really ought not to

have missed. One of the Americans, Starke, had been already a successful performer over this course, and he had now the maturity of five years, with the weight of only four. The other American horse, Optimist, would have, it might be thought, a tolerably easy business in leading during the early part of the race, so as to make the pace, as it is called, for Starke. The American visitors to Goodwood felt some assurance that they had got into a good thing, while the hopes of the nation rested generally, but not very confidently, upon Horror.

The start for this race is one of the most effective of this kind of spectacles. On the left of the grand stand is a round hill, of the usual form of those on which the remains of Roman camps are found. The course on which the short races are run extends in a straight line from the base of this hill past the stand, and the long course run over for the Cup is obtained by adding to the straight run a loop-shaped course upon the right. Thus the horses start on the left; pass the stand, and go some way down the straight, and then turn into the loop and gallop away from the spectators and disappear for awhile behind a rising ground, and then return to sight, and presently again enter into the straight and traverse it a second time—but now from right to left—and again passing the stand, they finish almost at their starting-point at the base of the Roman hill. The rise of this hill speedily checks the most headlong run, and pulling up after a race is therefore at Goodwood an easy matter. But we are now speaking of the start, which takes place nearly at the same spot, and within easy view of the spectators. The green slope of the hill, which is dotted with parties stretched at ease and in full view of the race, forms the background to the restless shifting body of bright-clad horsemen. Before the spectators is the course, and the beautiful hills amid which it winds, and behind them are the verdant slopes and noble trees of Goodwood Park, and in the furthest distance gleams the sea. In a race which carries the horses so far afield, the colours of the riders become very important. The well-known orange of Mr. Ten Broeck can at no distance be mistaken for anything else; and the equally familiar white of Captain Christie, who owns Horror, and the white with black shades, in which Butterby's jockey rides, can be distinguished without a glass, so long as the horses are to be seen at all. And now they are off and past the stand, and the first important feature in the race is, that Starke, who had been one of the last two, is "going through his horses," as the phrase is, in order to force the pace, because his stable-companion, Optimist, who had been put in to do this service for him, cannot manage it. Starke soon begins to show towards the van, but one of the French horses, Zouave, now takes a decided lead, going ahead with a superfluity of energy which must surely tell upon him before the race is done, even allowing for his advantage of fourteen pounds. In watching the progress of this gallant animal, one is reminded of the celebrated question of the huntsman to a French fox-hunter—"Hulloa there, you sir; do you think you can catch a fox?" and of the spirited reply—"I do not know, mon ami; but I vil try." Certainly the brave Zouave will try for the Goodwood Cup, but it may be found that he is expending himself prematurely in a vainglorious effort to maintain an unnecessary amount of forwardness. The experienced in cup-races predict that Zouave will "come back," and think that one horse at least of the invading force has been made safe. However, Zouave is still ahead, and next to him is the other French horse, Gustave, bearing the popular blue and yellow of Baron Rothschild. Starke is drawing towards the front, and Butterby has dropped into the rear. The friends of Horror can see that he is trying to pass Gustave just as they disappear behind the hill. As they return to view, it is seen that he has fallen back, and his chance is out. And now Starke takes up the running, and leaves the two Frenchmen second and third. If this sort of thing continues, we shall have to repent that free-trade was ever carried to such lengths upon the turf. Horror is beat, and Butterby, and Starke leads into the straight. But, happily for the honour of England, there is a trainer named John Scott who has sent to the post in admirable condition a chestnut three-year-old called Sweetsauce—a horse which was well thought of as a two-year-old, but has not been much mentioned during the present year. Throughout the race Sweetsauce has been in a good place—neither prominently first nor last—and now he goes up to Starke, who is beaten before the horses pass the Stand. Gustave and Zouave are used up by their early efforts, and Sweetsauce canters easily away and beats them by some ten or a dozen lengths, amid the delighted plaudits of the assembly, who feared but one minute ago that the Goodwood Cup must cross the water. Nothing could surpass the ease with which Sweetsauce performed this feat, adding, as he did, another to the many unexpected triumphs of John Scott's stable. It was indeed time for some potent charmer to intervene, when Frenchmen and Americans were making the cup-race such a very international affair.

But we have said that Goodwood races are eminently a national festival, and so they are. They have more of the character which we suppose was common fifty years ago than any other of the great meetings, and the reason of this peculiarity doubtless is, that the race-course is nearly five miles from any railway-station. To use a plain word, Goodwood is not as yet Cockneyified, because the distance and the difficulty of reaching it prevent the hordes of the metropolis from pouring themselves forth upon its hill, as they now do at Epsom, and to a less extent at Ascot.

The bulk of the visitors to Goodwood seem to be either a select aristocratic party, or racing men, or the people of the neighbourhood, and the indefatigable sight-seers of the capital form a minority. It is quite refreshing, after a succession of spectacles at which the whole world of London has assisted, to be present at something really worth seeing, and to be able to see it without incessant efforts to keep one's place. At Goodwood everybody has room both to examine the horses and to watch the racing, and to move about over the course and the adjacent hills; and especially the humbler classes—who have walked or driven in light carts and waggons to the scene of sport—enjoy the privileges which belonged to them generally in times when this realm of England was less thickly peopled than it is now, and was, in various other respects, in a backward and unimproved state. It is a great privilege to be able to make at least one "ramble beyond railways" while still within easy reach of London; and the excellence of the sport and the beauty and tranquillity of the scene combine to make the Goodwood Cup day one of the most delightful, as it is one of the most truly English, of holidays.

#### AMERICAN DOCKYARD PURITY.

THAT nepotism and jobbery are the peculiar faults of a ruling aristocracy, and corruption a peculiarly aristocratic instrument of rule, are, as we all know, fundamental dogmas of the Birmingham school of politics and the Liverpool school of finance. Middle-class statesmen don't job (perhaps because, as the Scotchman said of English purists, they have no relatives), and they don't retain power by bribery because they cannot afford to bribe—even keeping out of sight the notorious fact that only lords and gentlemen are wicked enough to do so. Such is the Radical doctrine—such the orthodox creed of Administrative, Financial, and Parliamentary Reformers. It is certainly a doctrine in some respects opposed to theoretical probability. It may be said that, though a nobleman has more family pride and a more limited choice of employments than a merchant or a solicitor, the latter, if in office, could job with much greater impunity—every one knowing the relations of Lord A. or the Duke of B., while Mr. Smith might appoint twenty nephews without being once found out by the public. It might be urged, also, that a man of high social standing can do comparatively well without bribery, as his name and position are recommendations almost as good as the money of the *parvenu*. It might be urged, further, that hereditary fortune enables a man to be independent in his political course, while statesmen not so qualified must, as a class, be men who adopt politics as a profession, and mean to make their profession pay. Few men can earn an independence by that period of life at which the political career of a statesman ought to commence. Finally, office being of greater utility to the professional than to the aristocratic politician, it might be thought that the former would be tempted to bribe his way to power with the public money, as he could not with his own. But what are theories against facts? Let us look to that democratic paradise where Liberty and Equality reign triumphant, where Peers are non-existent and county families unknown. There we find middle-class statesmen and politicians who live on their congressional salaries. Surely American statesmen never bribe—surely members of Congress are unstained by jobbery?

We have formerly had something to say upon that department of American administration in which, as they have no army, their superiority to our effete aristocracy ought to be most strikingly visible. It is in respect of the defensive expenditure of the country that the latter are most accused of waste and favouritism; and we ought, of course, to find economy, impartiality, and conscientiousness in the Navy Department of the United States, shaming us into a confession of our inferiority. How ought we, in the presence of the Report on the State of Brooklyn Navy Yard, to blush for Portsmouth and Dover! How ought our members for Devonport to hang their heads when they read the correspondence of the immaculate M.C.'s for New York and Brooklyn!

In this country, the appointments of the civil servants of the Crown are held, though technically "during pleasure," practically during good behaviour. They are bestowed, not unfrequently, as rewards for political services, but they are not considered or treated as political offices. Their holders are strictly forbidden to interfere in political contests, and are never removed on political grounds. The dismissal of a civil servant on the ground that his political views, or those of the patron through whose influence he had been appointed, differed from those of the existing Government would utterly ruin the Minister who should commit so gross a breach of well-understood usage and public good faith. In consequence, we enjoy the services of a body of men thoroughly acquainted with the business of the country, and perfectly competent to conduct the work of their respective departments under a Minister wholly unacquainted at first with his new duties. But for this permanent staff, the business of the nation would be thrown into utter confusion at every change of Administration—in fact, such a change would hardly be possible. And if the whole of the subordinates of Government went out with their party, the amount of patronage that would be placed at the disposal of the chief of a successful faction, and the personal interests involved in every party contest, would create an amount of corruption, and a bitterness of political feeling, such as England has not witnessed since the Revolution

The rule in the United States was formerly the same as ours—only the chiefs of departments, or Ministers properly so called, going out of office with their heads. Even in 1841 this principle was re-affirmed by Mr. Tyler on his election to the Presidency, and it has generally been held by the leaders of the Whig or Republican party. But the Democrats, since General Jackson's accession to power in 1829, have systematically set it aside; and at present it may be said that all Civil offices, or nearly all, except the judiciary, are political appointments, held really "during pleasure" and during the ascendancy of the party that bestows them. The policeman is appointed by the Governor of the State or Mayor of the City as being a steady partisan, or the nominee of an influential friend. Clerks and agents are appointed by the heads of departments at Washington on similar grounds and on a similar tenure; and we learn the result from the Report already referred to. "Places such as those of clerk, postmaster, mail-agent, messenger, doorkeeper, and day-labourer are made to subserve the purposes of party advantage." Even contracts are awarded only to political friends. No Republican, it would seem, need hope for permission to supply stationery or clothing, coals or timber, for the public service under a Democratic Presidency. In this way not merely the whole patronage of the Government, as the words would be understood in England, but nearly the whole of its civil, and great part of its defensive expenditure, is converted into an engine of political influence. American statesmen cannot afford to bribe with their own money—their active partisans are not satisfied with the small chance of an appointment to an accidental vacancy. The public offices are the spoil of the electioneering agents and energetic canvassers of the victorious faction—spoil over which they fight fiercely among themselves, but which is regarded as the indisputable property of the party. The public expenditure supplies well-understood means of carrying doubtful elections—means applied on a scale more lavish than any English party, no matter how aristocratic its composition or how generous its supporters, can ever aspire to imitate. A standing army of partisans is kept on foot under the name of a Civil Service; and lucrative contracts are arranged to repay munificent subscriptions to party expenses, while comfortable sinecures reward the exertions of patriotic editors and skilful "Men in the Moon."

When Mr. Buchanan's Administration came into power, it found the practice of making every dockyard place, from that of day-labourers upwards (except, apparently, the few filled by naval officers), a matter of political patronage completely established by its predecessors. Mr. Toucey, the Secretary of the Navy, with the aid of the members for New York (all Democrats), proceeded to organize this system afresh. It was arranged that a master workman should be appointed from each of the Congressional districts into which the city and neighbourhood of New York (of which Brooklyn is a part or suburb), is divided; and that the patronage of the yard—the appointment of workmen of every description—should be, as far as possible, equally divided among the said districts, the selection being lodged nominally in the hands of the master workmen, but exercised (as was well understood) for the benefit, and at the dictation of their patrons of the House of Representatives. "The division of patronage," says the Report, "was well known in the yard. Each master workman understood to whom he and each of his fellows owed their places. Thus the constructive engineer, the master plumber, and the master blockmaker represented Mr. Sickles; the master painter represented Mr. Searing; the master sparmaker, master blacksmith, and timber inspector represented Mr. Maclay; the master labourer under the constructive engineer, the master boat-builder, and the master ship-carpenter represented Mr. Taylor; the master caulked represented Mr. Cochrane; and the master stonemason represented Mr. Ward." Two other members of the Congress (Mr. Haskin and Mr. Clark) had at first their "representatives" in the yard; but when those gentlemen took up a position displeasing to Government on the Kansas question, one of their nominees was dismissed, and the other anticipated dismissal by resigning. "Most of the members of Congress went to the yard during working hours to look after their interests." Earnestly did they press on the master workmen the employment of men who, however unfit for work, were yet "good for a vote" on the side of their patrons. The master-workmen, threatened and badgered, "preferred packing the yard with idle and unskilful workmen to risking their own places." One member of Congress writes to a master-workman:—"I will have my proportion of men under you; if you do not give them I will lodge charges against you. You have turned away all the men but one from my district already. Unless you rectify this injustice I will make application that you be turned out." Another threatens to remove a master-painter for discharging a drunken reprobate, and does his best to fulfil his threat—nay, it appears, is successful. In support of a *protégé* afterwards shown to have been a thief, the Hon. George Taylor writes, "I cannot and will not submit to Mr. Fitzgerald's dismissal." Another—the notorious Mr. Sickles—complains to the naval department that his district has not its due share of public wages; and the Secretary of the Navy writes to the commandant of the yard—a commodore in the service—to "inquire and report" on the matter. The whole system is one great scramble of jobbery, in which the public interests are never once regarded, even by the highest officers of State. What the workmen employed under such regulations were we may easily guess.

"Worthless persons, old men physically unable to work, very indifferent hands, many of whom cannot obtain work from private employers," were good enough for the public. "Labourers were employed to act as clerks and work as carpenters"—sometimes ranked as first-class painters or blacksmiths, and paid accordingly. But all these men had two qualifications—votes, or influence with voters, and democratic "principles"; and these only were required to secure the patronage of the members of Congress. Thus the Federal Exchequer maintained at its own expense the influence of Mr. Buchanan's party in New York, and the national purse supplied all deficiencies in party subscriptions. At last, when the evil became intolerable, the two chief officers of the yard—sailors and not politicians—remonstrated against the intrusion of some unnecessary voters. It was the eve of an election. Commodore Kearny was "relieved from duty," and Commander Rootes ordered to Washington. There was an interregnum of some days, and in that time the election was completed.

The Navy Agent at New York, like the coal agent at Philadelphia, takes a somewhat lax view of his duties, and draws a salary of some 3000 dollars (600*l.*) for allowing a democratic firm in New York to supply nearly all the goods required, or demanded, by the master-workmen and others in the yard, at rates reported by the commandant to be "far above market prices." The store-keeper, who receives rather more than half as much, has a berth still easier, if possible. No inventory has been taken in his department for years, and "it is impossible to ascertain the condition of the public stores from the accounts of the department." All stores of a permanent character—watches and instruments, for example—supplied to ships were till recently charged as expended, and no account was kept of stores returned. The consequent waste and pilfering were of course extensive; and though the only thing the present storekeeper is reported to have achieved is the reform of this abuse, it was probably worth his salary. But he enjoys something very like a sinecure, as he is an active editor in New York, transacts the business of the office entirely through his son, who draws a salary as chief clerk, seldom attends at the yard, "perhaps once or twice a week," and gives not one-seventh of his time to his official duties. If Mr. Bright or Mr. Williams could lay hold of such a public servant in this country, it is to be feared that he would find his place almost as uncomfortable as insecure. In America, however, a situation of this kind appears to be thought an appropriate retaining-fee for the editor of a second-class paper.

It does seem, from these facts, vouched as they are by a Committee of the House of Representatives, and ascertained on irrefragable evidence, that we may have something to learn from the United States in the way of avoidance, if not of imitation. Certainly, if we are to have bribery, it had better be at the cost of individuals than at that of the Exchequer. No corruption can be so lavish as that for which the public purse provides funds—none so costly or so perilous as that which consists in the wholesale distribution of administrative patronage for the purposes of faction. "Shocking examples" have their value; and unpleasant as is the task of wading through hundreds of pages filled with the records of meanness, dishonesty, and disregard of duty in places high and low alike, we will not blame Mr. Bright for having compelled our attention to comparisons which, however proverbially odious, are not to the disadvantage of our country or her Constitution.

#### THE NEW FOREIGN OFFICE AND LORD PALMERSTON.

ON Monday, July 9, Mr. D. Fortescue asked the First Commissioner of Works "whether it was his intention, in the course of the present session, to submit Mr. Scott's amended designs for the new Foreign Office to the inspection of members of that House; and if so, when?" Mr. Cowper said that "Mr. Scott had prepared a design for the elevation in the Italian style, and that design was still under consideration. He hoped to be able to answer the honourable member's question in a few days." And now we are at the 28th day of July, and a question which really ought to have needed no answer seems to be as far off solution as ever. We must recall the circumstances of the case. After Lord Palmerston's memorable denunciation of that Gothic architecture which he did not understand, with which the last session concluded, the solitary promise survived, that during the present session, before any vote was taken, the members of the Legislature should have full and ample opportunity of judging of certain plans. Those plans, be it remembered, were Mr. Scott's original, unrevised, most beautiful and characteristic Gothic design, and a certain design which, during the autumn and winter and spring, he was to elaborate, more in harmony with Lord Palmerston's views of what art ought to be. In other words, Mr. Scott committed himself to the preparation of an alternative Italianizing design, to enter into competition with his own original self-inspired composition. These two designs Lord Palmerston pledged himself to submit to Parliament during the present session.

Of course, opinions differed as to Mr. Scott's deference to Lord Palmerston, both for artistic and moral reasons. Mr. Scott had impregnable grounds for taking a high stand in the matter. Merely as a matter of business, he had received the commission; his designs had been accepted by the First Commissioner of Works; and public opinion and professional feeling might reasonably have urged him to claim the letter of the bond and

the fulfilment of the contract. Further, many felt that, in listening to Lord Palmerston's ignorant dictation on a matter of art, Mr. Scott compromised his own artistic principles, and that, in consenting to work under such inspiration, he was foregoing a high moral position. There is, however, much to be said, on the ethical as well as aesthetical ground, on the other side. If it should turn out that the Premier's obstinacy would not submit to a Pointed design, many of Mr. Scott's friends, and even many of the most enthusiastic devotees of Pointed, felt that an Italianizing design from a Pointed architect would be a better thing than a mere Palladianism.

But, without going further into this matter at present, the fact remains, that Mr. Scott did prepare an Italianizing elevation suited to his old plan. This design, together with Mr. Scott's original Gothic design approved by the late Government, Lord Palmerston pledged himself to submit to Parliament. Now, to submit a thing to Parliament does not mean to call, on the 1st of August, for the opinion of the five dozen adherents of Government who are left to wind up the session. It is very reasonably asked why Mr. Scott's two designs were not, as Lord Palmerston pledged himself that they should be, submitted to Parliament last May? Were they ready? We find upon inquiry that they were. Rightly or wrongly, Mr. Scott so far yielded to Lord Palmerston's dictation that he submitted his "revised elevation" to his Lordship. We have not seen that elevation, and can give no opinion of its merits. It is round-arched, and is founded, we suppose, on the earlier Venetian palaces and other buildings of corresponding date in North Italy. Whether it is a mere revival of this Lombardic architecture, or an attempt to adopt its spirit with a view to the elaboration of a new round-arched style—a possible form, in other words, which Classical might have taken, had it not been arrested by the pointed arch—we do not know. We speak from no acquaintance with Mr. Scott's round-arched elevation, but we are quite certain that it cannot be equal to his original Pointed design. This revived Lombardic is no more a style than Tudor; so that our prepossessions are decidedly against the new design, which, however, we have no doubt is, as everything from its author must be, very clever.

This, however, is not the matter. Mr. Scott fulfilled his part of bargain into which perhaps he ought never to have entered. What does Lord Palmerston do? Though distinctly pledged to submit Mr. Scott's two designs, Lord Palmerston makes a private effort in favour of his beloved Palladian. He either commissions or permits Mr. Garling, the prizeman in the War Office competition, to prepare him a design embodying the pure and simple Palmerstonian idea. This little scheme became known, and it is understood that many members of Parliament strongly remonstrated against it, both as unfair to Mr. Scott, and as inconsistent with the pledge given to Parliament. This remonstrance had some effect. The plot broke down, Mr. Garling and his Palmerstonian ideal have not been heard of, and the artistic world have been deprived of the chance of knowing what the genuine Palmerston style of art precisely is. But now, though Mr. Garling's design failed, it was possible, as an alternative to Mr. Scott's revised design, to pick holes in the design itself. Consequently, Lord Palmerston, instead of referring it to Parliament as he had promised, referred it to a jury of experts on the chance that they would pronounce against it. Messrs. Cockerell, Burn, and Fergusson were called in, as it was hoped, to condemn the new design of Mr. Scott. Like Balaam, they ended by blessing. Exact unanimity in the judgment formed by three architects, each having his own taste and style, on the merits of a design prepared by a fourth architect, is almost more than could have been expected; yet, as we are informed—and we have taken some pains to acquire information in the matter—the three referees, Messrs. Cockerell, Burn, and Fergusson, have reported on the whole very favourably of the revised design.

We now ask what is the excuse for further delay? Lord Palmerston has promised to submit Mr. Scott's original design and his modified design to Parliament. With Parliament the decision must remain—why is not the issue submitted? Can it now be fairly submitted at all? At the fag end of a session, and with the fag end of the senators, can anything that may be done now be the decision of Parliament promised by Lord Palmerston? And if the matter is to tail over to another session, another difficulty occurs. The India Council have undertaken to purchase part of the Government site in Downing-street for the new India Office, and they are furious at the delay. Already they are trying to get another site, and probably the result of Lord Palmerston's obstinacy and crochets will be, that the India Council will be off their bargain; and, in that case, not only will the Government lose a customer for the vacant site, but the chance will be irretrievably lost of making those two great public offices—the Foreign and the India Office—a grand architectural whole, and a uniform group surrounding a noble quadrangle. Again and again, we say, let the issue now be tried. Ingenuity has exhausted all its resources for opposition and delay. Let the artistic judgment now be pronounced between Mr. Scott's old design and his new one. The case is an unusual one in which a man is pitted against himself. But in this competition we have no hesitation as to which side to take. Although we have not seen the Semi-Byzantine, or Mixo-Lombardic of the revised design, our artistic prepossessions are decidedly against it. There may be something to be said for it—a pre-Gothic, round-headed style is a different thing from a round-

headed style debased through effete and corrupt Pointed, which is what Palladian is. We have no doubt that Mr. Scott's pre-Gothic is a better thing than Mr. Garling's post-Gothic—that the attempt to revive Lombardic is artistically superior to the mere club-house architecture which Lord Palmerston thinks he admires. But in comparing Mr. Scott with Mr. Scott we must remember that in his second design he works in shackles—he submits to dictation—he executes an order. In the old free-handed and freehearted design, he worked from his own soul. In the one case, he is an artist—in the other, he executes an order. And we are not to forget that, as regards the Gothic design, the expense is already incurred, the working drawings are carried out, the builders' tenders are received. Parliament has already voted enough for the foundations, and if another year is lost it will be entirely for a private personal whim of Lord Palmerston's. The question is not now one of simple choice as a competition, but whether a design universally allowed (as Mr. Scott's first design is) to be of first-rate excellence in its style—a design already accepted by Government, and one on which the architect must necessarily have a very large commission—is to be abandoned on no ground whatever but Lord Palmerston's personal and individual prejudices.

#### A LESSON FOR LIFE.

THIS is the title of Mr. Tom Taylor's last new comedy, produced at the Lyceum Theatre on the recent occasion of a performance by the Civil Service Regiment of Volunteers in aid of the Band Fund, and received with unbounded applause by an audience of that select character which usually distinguishes the spectators of amateur exhibitions. It is already printed, but probably it will not be played again, unless under circumstances similar to those which attended its first production.

We are taught by Aristotle to distinguish between priority by nature and priority with respect to knowledge. Thus Caractacus was prior by nature to the actual Lord Mayor, but many a Cockney urchin will be familiar with the name of the civic magistrate long before he hears of the British worthy. Applying this distinction to the case of Mr. Taylor's comedy, we express our opinion, founded solely on intrinsic evidence, that this, his newest work, is new in the order of knowledge, not in the order of creation—in other words, that it is a very early work of our prolific dramatist, though a fortnight has not elapsed since stage-light first shone upon it, and though we may here and there trace the mark of recent influence.

There is a phase of human experience through which every one must pass, save those who stop short at it altogether, and which consists in the belief that whatever strongly interests ourselves and our immediate connexions is an object of interest to the world at large. The country squires of the old school, who could not comprehend their own insignificance when they reached the metropolis, never outlived the phase; and it sometimes returns on occasions even to men of broadly-extended views. When a couple of old Etonians meet and discourse of their early days, how frequently does the whole interval that has elapsed since the scholastic period shrink into an imperceptible moment, while the days of boating and cricket once more belong to the present. But these revivals of the past are only occasioned by the meeting of sympathetic personages. The old Etonian who unceasingly and indiscriminately regaled the whole of his acquaintance with the reminiscences of his school days would righteously be deemed a bore. Now, the *Lesson for Life* exactly reveals that state of mind in which a youth fresh from the University believes that the whole world can behold things in general from an academical point of view, whereas this is just the point of view that the audience of an ordinary theatre cannot be expected to take. Represented in Parliament, the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge are without visible share in that very mixed legislative assembly which makes laws for the London drama; and the three estates of boxes, pit, and gallery, if they were overwhelmed with debates about the "Trips," and "Ops," and "going in with the Poll," would feel somewhat like those Scalyvianians of the year 1848 who, jealous of the encroachments of the Hungarian language, exclaimed, "Nolumus Magyazari." A few idioms of the kind, artfully scattered about to give something like local colouring to a dramatic picture, are all very well. They appeal to the initiated, and, cautiously used, are disregarded by the ignorant; so that the author may say, with Clytemnestra's watchman—

*μαθούσιν αἰδεῖ, καὶ μαθοῦσι λιθόπεια.*

But the *Lesson for Life* rests entirely on an academical foundation, and the sorrows it depicts can draw tears from none but academical eyes. When the unthrifty undergraduate, who is the hero of the tale, thinks that he is rusticated, the act-drop descends upon a situation of horror; and all ends happily, when, at the conclusion of the play, the delinquent learns that, in consequence of certain virtues, the sentence has not been pronounced after all. Here the motives for excessive grief and joy are in themselves perfectly legitimate, for the young prodigal is the son of a poor country clergyman who can scarcely pay his college expenses, and his prospects in life depend altogether on his academical progress, which a sentence of rustication would seriously impede. But to sympathize with such a state of things a very special audience is required, and such an audience can hardly be expected to assemble within the precincts of a metropolitan theatre. Hence our supposition that the piece was written when the author's university experience was fresh, and his theatrical experience slight.

The story, moreover, is almost puerile in the directness of its moral tendency. A spendthrift, who causes his old father to sell his library, and his pretty female cousin to become a domestic governess, and then, after a fruitless attempt to win a wealthy widow, repents of his evil ways, is just the person who would figure in a tale written expressly for the instruction of youth; while, moreover, he is surrounded by a semi-Evangelical atmosphere, which, if a little densified, would qualify him for a pink tract. The wealthy widow, who is the evil genius of the piece, is likewise a Puseyite, and is on that account mildly reproved by the hero's clerical father; and at the end we are not forced to be satisfied with those promises of reform which are commonly made by scapegraces of the Charles Surface kind, but we are assured in our hopes by a prayer to heaven for the conversion of the sinner, in which he himself, his father, and his pretty cousin all take part—the curtain descending in the midst of their devotions. Were there a fourth act, it could be occupied with nothing less than a revival. The tone given to the work by these religious peculiarities is as essentially different from that which is usually deemed compatible with dramatic entertainments, that we must here find another index of theatrical inexperience, more especially as the skirmish between the High and Low Church evidently belongs to the great cause of Cambridge v. Oxford—the zealous Cantab placing enlightenment and progress on the banks of the Cam, while he hedges mediæval superstition on those of the Isis.

The great merit of the *Lesson for Life* lies in the truthfulness of the minor details. Countless little touches of character reveal that talent of Mr. Taylor's which is so conspicuous in the *Contested Election* and the *Overland Route*. The tutor who, while he is occupied with the angry investigation of a disgraceful gaming case, peruses a German letter which forms part of the evidence, and then pauses in his anger to express his humble belief that his translation of Schleiermacher's Introduction to Plato has made his Teutonic erudition generally known, is a capital sketch of erudite complacency; and the conversation between the old clergyman who wants to sell his library and the bibliomanic noble whom he addresses as a purchaser is a neat specimen of delicate satire. The clergyman is absolutely ruined by the profligacy of his son, and the peer, who is not a whit more fortunate in his offspring, would be in the same predicament were not his wealth too large to be affected by any amount of juvenile prodigality. Yet the large grief and the petty annoyance are alike forgotten by the two veteran bookworms in their anxiety to weigh the respective values of a "Basile Homer" and a "Stephanus." None but a man of scholarly feeling could have conceived, much less executed, this characteristic little scene, which, however, is above the sympathies of the general public. The well-known talent of Mr. Taylor in making his personages distinct from each other is shown in the *Lesson for Life*. The meek but dignified clergyman, proud only of his learning; the urbane and politely pedantic peer; the lady of shallow charity; the canting Hebrew usurer; the honest fox-hunting student, who, devoted to the chase himself, cannot bear to see a man who is his superior in intellect and inferior in pocket waste his time in riotous living, are not all new to the stage, but they are all drawn with a firm outline, and all are in their proper places. Reminiscences of the *Road to Ruin* and the *School for Scandal* add to the somewhat juvenile appearance of the work; and, weighing all things together, we may call it a youthful production of considerable promise. If we are wrong in our chronology—for we speak without historical data—we must assume that the piece was written on some impulse similar to that which is given by the meeting of two old schoolffellows.

For an amateur performance, like that of the Civil Service Volunteers, the *Lesson for Life* was exceedingly well adapted. In the first place, the gentlemen composing the regiment necessarily have a large body of acquaintances far more familiar with University life than an audience gathered haphazard from all classes and conditions of men. In the second place, persons who witness amateurs are thoroughly determined to enjoy every joke, and scenes that would be intolerably heavy on other occasions are not even found tedious where there is an interest in the performers personally in addition to the interest in the play. We have seen a master of Westminster School fall into convulsions of mirth at the brilliant observation of Davus—"Incepio 'st amantium, haud amantium"—though the only question that can arise with respect to the wit of the sentence is, whether the crafty slave has uttered a bad pun or no pun at all. In the third place, a large number of persons had each something to do. That docile readiness to concede the superiority of Bottom, which is so remarkable in the Athenian clowns in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, has no parallel among modern amateurs, whereas the spirit of Bottom himself has come down without essential modification. Indeed, in the case of the *Lesson for Life*, the performers had a right to be ambitious, for they played in a style far above the amateur average. Captain Hood, as the spendthrift, had a most weighty burden on his shoulders, and bore it like an Atlas; Mr. Tom Taylor was truthful and humorous as the German Jew; Mr. Morrison played the old clergyman like a veteran professor, and the minor parts were all satisfactorily filled. The principal lady assistant was Mrs. Stirling, who completely apprelied the character of the selfish, well-mannered widow of quality. So every one listened in perfect good-humour to the comedy of Captain Taylor, and the smart address of Ensign Yates, which, from the lips of Mrs. Stirling, explained the object of the performance.

## REVIEWS.

## TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES OF DR. WOLFF.\*

DR. WOLFF enjoys a deserved reputation, beyond the circle which is called the "religious world," for the courage and address with which, when no longer a young man, he penetrated into Bokhara in order to discover the fate of the murdered English envoys, Conolly and Stoddart. The present instalment of the earlier travels and adventures of this celebrated missionary may be safely recommended as a very striking and entertaining narrative. Parts of it would seem, from occasional remarks of the writer, to have been anticipated in various religious publications. But the general reader will find it all very novel and amusing, while the quaint style in which it is written adds no inconsiderable charm to the story. The autobiographer always speaks of himself in the third person, and as often as not in the present tense, and long dialogues are constantly interspersed in a very graphic manner. There is not a scruple of what is called *retenu* in Dr. Wolff's composition. He is for ever confiding publicly to his readers his sense of his moral faults and deficiencies. Perhaps this is meant to disarm hostile criticism. Anyhow, under cover of this voluntary confession, he indulges in most pleasant naïveté and egotistical vanity, and portrays all his weaknesses very agreeably to his readers. He is evidently a clever, restless, and impulsive man, whose enthusiasm upon any subject has a tendency to run into credulity and exaggeration. But he is thoroughly in earnest, and we cannot help sincerely respecting him even when our judgment is inclined to question his sanity. How far a man with such pronounced crotchetts, and such singular views of prophecy, as Dr. Wolff seems to have had, was fit for a Christian missionary may perhaps be doubted. Thus we find him in one place avowing his belief that "Isaiah was a dervish and walked about naked, and that the prophets and the dervishes of the present day symbolize by this nakedness events which are to take place upon this earth."

Many of his speculations as to the interpretation of unfulfilled prophecy he has in later years wisely abandoned. But he seems to have taught at one time, that the year 1847 would be the exact epoch of the "renovation of the world and the restoration of the Jews, at the coming of Messiah in glory"—for which he was well laughed at by Sir Charles James Napier and others. "And Wolff deeply regrets," he now says, penitently, "that he ever fell into the errors here alluded to." But he still seems to cling to the belief that there is to be a personal millennial reign of our Lord upon earth, and he often says that he found this a powerful argument with the Jews to whom he preached. To do him justice, he never failed to urge upon them the truth that the Messiah had once come; but he very much conciliated them by the assurance that another coming—not to judgment, but to a millennial reign—was to be expected. Whether any good was ever effected by Dr. Wolff's erratic proceedings among the Oriental Jews and Muhammadans may perhaps be reasonably doubted. But this is not the place to discuss that question. We may safely say that his motives were good, and that his peculiar gifts of language and his singular restlessness of temperament qualified him for some such vocation; while any more fixed and ordered mode of life would have been to him simply intolerable. From several hints dropped in the present volume, he seems to have been for ever in hot water with the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, whose agent in the East he ostensibly was. In some cases, he frankly acknowledges himself to have been in the wrong. But a gentler temper than his might well have rebelled against the narrow-minded dictation of a London Committee; and his sarcasm is bitterness itself when he contrasts with the freedom allowed to St. Francis Xavier—his own self-chosen example—the petty tyranny exercised by certain Missionary Societies at home over their unfortunate agents abroad. Indeed, it is much to be regretted that he has not pruned the exuberance of the epithets which he applies to some of the religionists of whom he most disapproves. "Filthy Calvinist," "some long-nosed, snuff-taking lady of the so-called Evangelical party," "a long-face-pulling lady with a whining voice," "nasty Atheist and infidel," and the like, are rather indecorous expressions. Even when religion is not concerned, Dr. Wolff is a good hater. He never mentions a certain Frenchman, with whom he travelled in Mesopotamia, but as "Digeon the scoundrel." Perhaps this want of reserve makes the book all the more amusing. It is no wonder that so plain-spoken a traveller got called names in return. Thus, on a visit to Ireland, he seems to have made himself peculiarly offensive to the Roman Catholics; and Mr. Sheil revenged them by calling him "Baron von Münchhausen, Katerfelto, Mendez, the old clothesman of Monmouth-street," &c. "And Wolff, in anger—certainly not in the true spirit of Christ—called him a liar in return."

It is time, however, to give a brief sketch of Dr. Wolff's singular history and adventures. Few men have had a wider and more unusual experience of men and things than the subject of this autobiography. He was born in 1795 at Weilersbach, near

\* *Travels and Adventures of the Rev. Joseph Wolff, D.D., LL.D., Vicar of Ille Brewers, near Taunton, and late Missionary to the Jews and Muhammadans in Persia, Bokhara, Cashmeer, &c.* Vol. I. London: Saunders, Otley, and Co. 1860.

Bamberg, being the eldest son of the Jewish Rabbi of that place. Fifteen days after his birth, the terrors of the French invasion drove the Wolffs to Kissingen; and, in 1802, Rabbi David settled at Ullfeld, in Bavaria. Joseph Wolff's earliest recollections give a curious insight into the habits of thought prevailing among the German Jews of that time. The follies and superstitions of the Talmud seem to have been accepted unhesitatingly, and miracles in favour of Judaism were supposed to be of frequent occurrence. A barber-surgeon, named Spiess, gave Wolff the first glimpse of Christianity, and bade him read the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, which made him resolve to abandon Judaism at the earliest opportunity. He went at once to the Lutheran minister of the place; but he, unlike Canon Dalton of Norwich, finding that the young inquirer was only seven years old, declined to receive him, as he was still under the legal tutelage of his parents. The lad was sent by his father, four years later, to the Protestant Lyceum at Stuttgart, and afterwards by an uncle, who was "a Jew of the modern style, rather leaning to infidelity," to the Roman Catholic Lyceum at Bamberg. Turned out of doors, at last, by his friends, for his wish to become a Christian, he wandered to Frankfort, Prague, and Vienna, and nearly every other city in South Germany, supporting himself by teaching Hebrew. He seems to have been received kindly by all sorts of religionists in turn, and to have picked up some instruction from them all. He says that he found most of the Jews and of the Protestants infidels or freethinkers, and maintained his own preference for Roman Catholicism. Accordingly, he was baptized into that communion at Prague, in 1812, being then seventeen years old.

He had already made the acquaintance of Falk, Goethe, and Voss. Now he was matriculated at Vienna, and got to know the Orientalists, Jahn and Von Hammer, besides Friedrich von Schlegel, Körner, the poet, and the celebrated Redemptorist, Hoffbauer. The description of the five religious parties then existing in Vienna is most curious. But it seems scarcely credible that the Mystics—who were disciples of one Peschel—could have proceeded, as he asserts, to the length of crucifying one of their number chosen by lot on each Good Friday. The first victim, a poor girl, was thus murdered. But next year the lot "fell on a fat Roman Catholic priest, who did not relish the thought at all, and so he gave notice to the police, who took the Mystics into custody, and Wolff himself saw Peschel in prison." Hoffbauer, the head of the Vienna Ultramontanes, was only a degree less fanatical. Wolff himself preferred the more moderate—or what we should call the Gallican—opinions of Sailer, whom he calls the Fenelon of Germany, and was still more influenced by the celebrated Count Stolberg, who became his patron, and entertained him for many months in his castle. In 1815, Wolff made the acquaintance of Prince Hohenlohe, afterwards famous for his alleged miraculous powers; though the Pope himself said of him sneeringly to Niebuhr—"Questo far dei miracoli." Wolff accuses this enthusiast of something like theft, of deliberate falsehood, and of profligate conversation. Continuing his Oriental studies at Tübingen, under the famous Arabic scholar Schnurrer, Wolff was warned by the Protestant professors there that his moderate opinions would not be tolerated when he came to the Propaganda. From Tübingen, in 1816, he started on foot for Rome. At Aarau, on his way, he had an interview with Madame de Krudener, the pietist, who had the credit of converting the Emperor Alexander and Jung Stilling, the mystic tailor. At Fribourg his Hebrew Bible was taken away from him by the head of the Redemptorists there, because it was printed in so heretical a town as Amsterdam. Further on, at Vevay, he got another one from the Lutheran pastor. But this, in its turn, was confiscated by the Redemptorists at Valais, because it was printed at Leipsic. However, Wolff recovered it by stealth, and ran away. Afterwards he showed it to the Pope, and told him its history, "on which Pius VII. laughed, and said, 'There are hot-headed people to be found everywhere.'" The Bible's adventures were not over yet. In 1818, Wolff was expelled from the Propaganda, and left the book behind him; but years afterwards it was restored to him at Philadelphia by Kenrick, a fellow-student, who had become one of the Roman Catholic bishops of the United States. One of the best-told anecdotes of Wolff's journey to Rome describes his reception as *un Ebreo convertito* by a convent of Salesian nuns at Novara. He had to recite the *Pater Noster* and *Ave Maria* and *Salve Regina* amidst the enthusiastic ladies. "They all exclaimed, 'How this blessed, blessed young man makes the cross.' *'Amabile giovane,'* said they, in the midst of their prayers, 'God bless him!'" At Turin, Wolff met Madame de Staél, and made his first English acquaintance in the person of Mr. David Bailie. He went by sea from Genoa to Leghorn, and so to Rome, partly on foot. On his way, he meets two Spanish Franciscans. "The old one was an ignorant jackass; but the young one was a man of the highest talent, who gave Wolff an insight into the cruelty of the Inquisition in Spain." At Faenza he met Professor Orioli, who gave him a friendly but unheeded warning. "Look out at Rome, Wolff. *Con Dio è perdonato, un prete non perdona mai.* With God there is a pardon—a priest never pardons."

Among his Roman friends figure Overbeck the painter, the Abbate Ostini, and Cardinal Litta. Of the latter he draws a most amiable picture. He was exceedingly well received as a Jewish convert; and the special kindness shown him by Pius VII., who placed him in the Propaganda, is always mentioned

with becoming gratitude. We have a curious and not unpleasant picture of the life of the Propaganda students, which may be compared with that of the Irish College, described by Cardinal Wiseman in his *Personal Recollections*. Wolff soon rebelled against the extreme principles of his teachers. He questioned the infallibility of the Pope; he resented the election to the cardinalate, for political reasons, of the immoral and sceptical Von Häffelin; he quarrelled with Cardinal della Somaglia, who argued with him that the Pope could override the authority of the Hebrew original of the Scriptures; and he gradually became more intemperate and unguarded in his speech as he was, with justice, more and more suspected. About this time Mr. Henry Drummond, then in Rome, made his acquaintance, and began to urge him to "come out of Babylon." It was too late for a voluntary escape. He was expelled from Rome, and sent, under the charge of a familiar of the Inquisition, to Vienna. There, however, his old friend Hoffbauer received him kindly, and got him admitted into the Redemptorist monastery of Val-sainte, in Switzerland. Here we have an absurd anecdote of monastic life. "Every Friday evening they assembled in a dark room, put out the candles, and then every one flagellated himself. Wolff attempted to join in this self-discipline, but he gave himself only one stroke, and then administered all the other blows to his leather trousers, which were pushed down to his knees, and it made a loud sound. The others, observing this device, laughed very heartily, and several of them afterwards followed Wolff's example, especially one, who stood near the wall, and gave it also the benefit of the lash." When Dr. Wolff tells this good story *viva voce*, we believe he adds the further most amusing detail, that the flagellants used to take care in the dark to flog each other. As might be expected, he soon abandoned the monastic life. He wandered to Lausanne, where, by a curious chance, he fell in with an English lady, a Miss Greaves, a friend of Mr. Drummond's, who paid his expenses to London.

This was in 1819. Mr. Drummond immediately took his protégé to Baptist's chapel and a Quaker's meeting, and then to a Methodist congregation. But Wolff was dissatisfied with them all. At last he went to the Episcopal Jewish Chapel in Palestine-place, where "Wolff was enchanted with the devotion and beauty of the ritual" of the Church of England, and at once attached himself to that Communion. He was soon introduced to the Rev. Lewis Way, an amiable enthusiast, who, in spite of all discouragements, devoted his life and an immense fortune to the attempt to convert Jews to Christianity, and was sent to Cambridge, at the cost of the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, to complete his studies of the Oriental languages under the celebrated Professor Lee. At Cambridge, his chief patron was Charles Simeon, whom Dr. Wolff emphatically declares to have been in heart a High Churchman, and whose vain attempts to teach Wolff to shave himself, or to sharpen a razor, are very humorously told. There are other curious anecdotes of his Cambridge life.

At last, in 1821, Wolff set out on his foreign travels, as an accredited missionary of the Jews' Society, though we observe no mention of any formal ordination to the office. At Gibraltar he had long discussions with many of his nation, not forgetting a little collateral controversy with Roman Catholics. At Malta he met the impostor Clement Naudi, who not only deceived several of the English religious Societies, but the Roman Catholics also. This man's wife was represented to the latter as a convert from Protestantism, and was in the habit of communicating at mass every Sunday morning, while at the same time the Protestants thought her a convert from Romanism on the strength of her "experiences," as detailed in a Wesleyan "class meeting" which she attended every evening. Thence to Alexandria, where Wolff preached to English, Italians, Greeks, Turks, and Jews indifferently. He seems, however, to have succeeded in reconverting an American naval officer who "had been made a Muhammadan by reading Eichhorn's *Commentaries*, Bishop Marsh's translation of *Michælis*, and Warburton's *Discrepancies of Scripture*." On the other hand, one Caviglia seems to have persuaded Wolff of the truth of magic, and our autobiographer gives an account of a remarkable experiment which he witnessed. In company with Messrs. Clarke and Carne—the latter of whom was travelling for the express purpose of marrying an Eastern beauty, and who was all but persuaded into a most imprudent match at Damascus by his dragoman—Wolff went to Mount Sinai laden with Bibles. After capture by the Arabs, the party was brought back to Cairo. Thence, however, he started again for Jaffa and Beyrouth and Jerusalem. In every place he seems to have visited the Jews, and to have discussed Christianity with their Rabbis. But no lasting effect was produced. *Apropos* of Lady Hester Stanhope, Dr. Wolff tells an anecdote of a prediction by that lady's prophet, M. Lustaneau, of the earthquake which destroyed Aleppo. Wolff declares that he heard this prophecy before the event, and that he was a witness of its fulfilment.

Dr. Wolff's journeys in Mesopotamia, to Bagdad, to Sheeraz, to Ispahan, to Tiflis, and in Armenia and Circassia and the Crimea, resemble all other Eastern travels, with the difference of his colloquies with the Jewish teachers wherever he found them. In Kurdistan he was seized by some marauders and bastinadoed with two hundred stripes. Returning to England in 1826, Dr. Wolff married during his stay here Lady Georgiana Walpole, and became a naturalized Englishman. In his second great missionary journey his wife accompanied him as far as the

Mediterranean. But after visiting every part of the Levant, he set out for Persia and Bokhara alone. After many remarkable adventures, in the course of which he was stripped and made a slave, but providentially rescued, he arrived at the gates of Bokhara, where the present volume leaves him. We hope that at an early day we may have the pleasure of continuing these spirited and entertaining records of travel.

#### PALMERSTON UNMASKED.\*

A CURIOUS book might be written on the history of little sects. The sheep-like character of the mass of mankind never comes out so strongly as in the readiness with which one energetic believer in any sort of folly can gather round him a circle of disciples. Mr. Mann's list of "minor denominations" is not an encouraging study for the encomiasts of human nature. But this eccentric contagiousness of delusion reaches its culminating point when it takes a political question for its subject-matter. The victims of a spiritual hallucination have the excuse, which the political lunatic cannot plead, that, in the matters upon which they differ from mankind, experimental knowledge is unattainable. The pamphlet before us belongs to a small school of political writers whose self-deception is scarcely surpassed by the popular French belief that the Carlist insurrection in Spain was organized at the English Foreign Office. The sect in question consists in Germany of a few of the extremest Radicals, combined with a handful of Polish exiles. In England it is confined to a clique of which Mr. David Urquhart is the head, and Mr. Chisholm Anstey used to be the mouthpiece. Its creed is shortly and simply that Lord Palmerston is the bribed agent of the Emperor of Russia, and that English statesmen have grossly failed in their duty by not impeaching him before the House of Lords for his treason in Russia's behalf. The indictment is an old one, and has long been laughed out of court; but, in the pamphlet before us, it comes—if we may believe rumours which have only their prevalence to authenticate them—endorsed by a princely hand, and therefore may help to throw some light, if not on the morality of English statesmen, at least on the intellect of German rulers. In the first place, we are told that Lord Palmerston has a natural taste for despotism. It is laid to his charge that he belonged to the Ministries of the old Tory days, when public meetings were repressed, and the press was scarcely free, and Lord Sidmouth used to say that the nation was the better for being occasionally bled. He has defended standing armies—he has upheld military flogging—his Lord Chancellor has actually sneered at trial by jury—his friends have conspired to abolish grand juries—his colleagues have advocated the appointment of a public prosecutor, "that heritage of Fouquier Tinville's." If these symptoms are not enough to prove his absolutist tendencies, his foreign policy abundantly reveals them. He played fast and loose with Italian hopes in 1848, until the turn of fortune came, and all those hopes were dashed. In the teeth both of Lord John Russell and the Queen, he was the first to recognise the hero of the Second of December, and has since braved even popular displeasure and the loss of office rather than lose the title of his bosom friend. And above all—and this is the pith of his offence—his career has been a lifelong and not unrewarded servitude to the ambitious aims of Russia. He began early—almost as soon as his first severance from his old Tory leaders gave him an independent position. In 1828, when the Russian arms were menacing the existence of Turkey, and the Wellington Administration were taking alarm, Lord Palmerston decried their efforts to arrest the progress of Russia. In 1831, Austria and France were anxious to interfere on behalf of Poland; Sweden was in arms; Persia was on the point of effecting a diversion in the rear—but Lord Palmerston withheld them all. In 1834, Ibrahim Pacha was victorious in Syria, and threatening greater conquests. The Porte in vain appealed to England for protection. Lord Palmerston not only refused his help, but his "valet" at Constantinople—poor Lord Stratford—betrayed to the Russians propositions made to him in confidence by the Porte; and when Russian aid against Ibrahim was sought and granted, England was not only acquiescing, but approving. Dost Mahomed, of Afghanistan, was Russia's enemy, England's sure ally; accordingly Lord Palmerston was careful, by an unprovoked aggression, to drive him into the arms of Russia. To complete the blackness of the transaction, he presented to Parliament a Blue-book, in which the papers were so garbled as to invert their meaning—an offence for which, in the pamphleteer's opinion, he ought even now to be impeached. No sooner had he returned to office, after the fall of Sir Robert Peel, than he set to work again for his old employer. He had done his best to make Russia mistress of the Euxine—it only remained to do for her the same service in the Baltic. Accordingly, he supported the claims of a Russian creature upon the Danish succession, and negotiated a treaty by which the rights of nineteen claimants, who stood nearer to the inheritance than the Czar's protege, were set aside.

One would have thought that the Crimean war might have brought to a close this terrible catalogue of treasons, and that Lord Palmerston might at least have had the credit of having, in his later years, repented of the Muscovite flirtations of his earlier life. But the pamphleteer can see further than the

simple, gullible world. He describes in the conduct of that war nothing but a continuance of the great traitor's deep schemes for the aggrandizement of Russia. The Vienna note was a cunning plot for exacting from the Porte a concession of all Menzhikoff's demands. The Turkish navy was intentionally sacrificed at Sinope; the Russian army, on the brink of destruction in Wallachia, was rescued by the transference of the war to the Crimea; while Russian trade was saved by the sparing of Odessa. Then came the peace. Half Sebastopol was taken on the one side, but the whole of Kars was taken on the other—a result which, to Asiatics, "who judge not by phrases but by facts," was a simple triumph for Russia. But the Porte came out of the struggle fatally maimed and weakened. Her power over the Bosphorus was taken from her, her old allies the Circassians were abandoned to their fate, and the Ottoman domination was shaken to its centre by the so-called religious reforms. And the veteran betrayer is still pursuing his old game. It is the interest of Russia that every State that can stand against her should be crumbled and dissolved by revolution; and therefore Palmerston fosters revolution. It is the interest of the Czar that an organization like the Roman Church, pledged to oppose his Cæsaropapacy, should be paralysed; and therefore Palmerston assails the Pope. Above all, Congresses are the interest of Russia, for her masterly diplomacy has always been able to shape their counsels to her ends; and, accordingly, Palmerston always calls for Congresses.

Perhaps our readers will think that, in retailing all this moonstruck madness, we are showing symptoms of the same infirmity ourselves. But even the musings of madness become a matter of interest when they come from a personage of importance. This pamphlet is written with considerable ability and spirit; but the ghosts it raises have been laid too long to be worth even a passing notice, if it were not that a German Duke, the brother of our own Prince Consort, is reputed—with whatever truth—to be the author. There are not wanting internal confirmations of the accuracy of a report which, on the face of it, seems improbable enough. Not only is Prince Albert vindicated with some acrimony from various calumnies, circulated in moments of excitement and now utterly forgotten, but the critic shows a familiarity with English facts and doings very unusual in a foreigner. He has devoted to the *Times* and the *Illustrated London News* a severity of study which we will venture to say no Englishman bestows on their German counterparts. His knowledge of Hansard and the Blue-books is literally appalling; and he is even acquainted with such mere club gossip as that "Colonel Sibthorp has been succeeded by a silent son," and that two Evangelical Conservatives refused to vote on the China division with their party "because Lord Palmerston made such excellent Bishops." This reputed authorship, whether true or false, and the author's undoubtedly singular intimacy with English politics, give a certain interest to the opinions which, in the course of this Russophobic effusion, he lets fall on men and things in England. Lord John Russell is designated as "vain little Johnny," and his policy is "weak-tea policy." The Whig party are a "carcase without soul;" the rest of the Ministers and Mr. Bright are accused of having denounced Lord Palmerston's policy out of office, and having then stooped, for the sake of their own ends, to become its instruments. As to Lord Palmerston himself, he is fit only for impeachment. A tenth part of what he has done would, in other and healthier days, have brought him ere this to the bar of the House of Lords. In Germany he has no friend, except the editor of the *Kölnische Zeitung*. The rest of Germany is divided in its judgment of him into two camps—one of which believes him to be a traitor, while the other believes him to be a coxcomb. We can only trust that fraternal affection does not involve fraternal unity of sentiment—otherwise our Ministers, however popular with the nation, are not reposing on a bed of down. It is not, however, likely, even if all that is said about the authorship be true, that any part of Prince Albert's real opinions can have found an expression in the string of savage philippics against everybody except himself of which this pamphlet is principally made up. The writer summarily assumes the cases of Ireland and the Ionian Islands to be on a level, in point of misgovernment, with that of the Romagna; and prophesies the future of India in language that must be very distasteful to the husband of an English sovereign:—

The process of the English Government against Brahma and Mahomet is not yet finally decided in India. As soon as the Sikhs—who are equally hated by both classes of religionists, the Hindoos and the Mahometans—and the Ghoorkas shall withdraw their hand from England, her rule in India will disappear; and while, for thousands of years yet to come, men will perform their pilgrimage to the shrine of Juggernaut, it will thenceforth be only related as an historical curiosity that even in India the English Established Church once sought to strike its roots.

It is a pity that this highly-fathered manifesto should be so disfigured by a monomania of personal hatred, for the political views it contains are a refreshing change from the ordinary doctrines of a petty German Court. The writer dwells very earnestly on the truth, which is finding more and more acceptance in England, that an alliance between England and Germany is the only alliance on which either country can depend, because it is the only one that can rest on a perfect conformity of interest. Russia and France are aggressive Powers—England and Germany are peaceful Powers. It is natural that in the Saxon Duchies the Russian danger, to which we have become almost callous, should seem

\* *Der entlarvte Palmerston. Vom Verfasser der "Despoten als Revolutionäre."* Berlin: Weidling 1860.

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the greatest; and that the writer before us should fancy that the Czar is even now on the point of seizing, in Copenhagen and Constantinople, the keys wherewith to close the Danube and the Vistula. It is equally natural that he should look on the menacing attitude of France, which is frightening us from our property, as a transient phenomenon, dependent on the life of a single man. But the important point on which both sides are rapidly coming to an agreement is, that from whatever quarter civilization may be threatened by lawless military might, it ought to be unitedly defended by the two great Teutonic nations, whose concord never can be endangered, because their interests never can clash.

## BONNECHOSE'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.\*

**I**N his essay on the *Poems and Romances of Alfred de Vigny*, Mr. J. S. Mill pronounces "the prominent feature in all the speculations of the French mind" to be the relation which they bear to society. "Thence it is," he proceeds, "that their poetry is so much shallower than ours, and their works of fiction so much deeper; that of the metaphysics of every mode of feeling and thinking so little is to be learnt from them, and of its social influences so much." It is to be regretted that the accomplished author of this speculation has not pushed it further—that he has contented himself with suggesting, and leaving to others to develop, the thought which it contains. It is obvious, however, that the characteristic which he points out explains the brilliant success with which *historic* studies have been of late pursued by the French. History is the record of the common life of collective masses of men—the interpretation of the spirit of an age or nation; and that same *esprit de société* which makes the fascination of Parisian saloons—that kind of instinct which enables the French mind to read off, as it were, at a glance, the pervading tone of an assembly, and to avoid the *gaucheries* and *contretemps* which shock it—is but a superficial and trivial manifestation of that nice discernment of "social influences" which constitutes the main element of historic genius. The two schools of French historians, of which Guizot on the one hand, and Augustin Thierry and De Barante on the other, may be considered as the founders and representatives, illustrate this faculty of social divination in different ways. Both seize firm hold of the leading ideas and tendency of a given age—the former, however, with scientific purpose, to trace them, by philosophic generalization, back to their causes and forward to their effects—the latter, with the artistic aim of giving life and reality, breath and movement, to the picture they draw of the institutions and events, the men and manners, of the period with which they deal.

It may appear difficult to understand how, if the French genius is specially suited for history, it should yet, up to the time of the Restoration, have scarcely produced a single great historic work. Bossuet, Montesquieu, Voltaire, and Condillac are, indeed, almost the only Frenchmen of permanent and European reputation who, up to the close of the first decade of the nineteenth century, had written histories; and their fame rests, to say the least, in a very secondary degree upon their historic writings. It is easy, however, to account for this fact. The French mind is characterized but slightly by any antiquarian tendency. It is drawn towards the past not so much by reverence and affection, as for instruction or amusement. The English fondness for old usage, for precedent and tradition, for everything that has on it the rust of antiquity, does not belong to our neighbours. Under the old Monarchy, moreover, literature was the creature of the Court; and in a Court atmosphere, faithful history can rarely flourish. The pension which Richelieu had granted Mezerai for his services in this field, Colbert, in the succeeding reign, withdrew from him on account of "the licence" with which, in his *History of France to the Accession of Louis XIII.*, he had passed judgment on the actions of kings, the ancestors of Louis XIV. The revolutionary era was for other reasons just as unfavourable to historic studies. Absorbed in dreams of the future, men were little inclined to turn back for lessons to a past which they considered as scarcely better than a vast mistake, an unsuccessful experiment on the part of Providence, which a political deluge was needed to wash away. Absurd and pernicious as the delusion was, it was yet not quite unnatural. The class which, with the Revolution, rose into power, had scarcely, in a social and political sense, had a past at all; or rather, it had a past only of oppression and contempt, from the memory of which, except as it supplied incentives to cruel retaliation, it was glad to turn away. Under the Republic and the Empire, history, in common with most other branches of literature, submitted to the influences which made that period comparatively barren of intellectual products.

The striking points both of resemblance and contrast which the course of events in France from the meeting of the States-General in 1789 to the accession of Louis XVIII., bear to those in England from the opening of the Long Parliament to the return of Charles II.—each comprising, in the same order of succession, a Revolution, the execution of a King, the establishment first of a Republic, and then of a military despotism, destined to be followed by Restoration of the exiled royal line—the parallelism between the circumstances under which James II. and Charles X. forfeited their thrones, and were succeeded by William of Orange and Louis Philippe—and the similarity which, in its main features,

the political constitution of France from 1814 to 1848 bears to our own, account for that evident desire and labour intelligently to appreciate the events of the critical periods of English history, and the nature and working of English institutions, which is apparent in the best literature of France since the Restoration. This interest is remote alike, on the one hand, from the absurd Anglomania which prevailed just before the Revolution—and which showed itself chiefly in the frequent employment of English grooms and oaths (both probably imported together), in the use of top-boots, "redingotes," and "boule-dogues," and the imitation of other supposed outward peculiarities of the English gentleman—and, on the other, from the no less absurd Anglophobia which appears at periodic intervals to come over certain sections of French society, taking, among other forms, that of frothy denunciations of "perfidie Albion." It displays itself prominently in the valuable historic works of M. Guizot and the unfortunate Armand Carrel, in the political essays of Count Montalembert, and, above all, in the eloquent and thoughtful *Studies* of M. Charles de Remusat, who perhaps has done more than any other French writer to interpret to his countrymen the history, literature, and institutions, and the speculative and religious tendencies of England, both in the past and in the present. To the names of these authors we must now, on the strength of the volumes before us, add that of M. de Bonnechose, whose production has just been honoured by a prize at the hands of the Academy. The purpose which he has kept constantly in view in the composition of his work is rather political than purely historical. He sees that (to use his own words) "among the great nations of Europe, England alone, up to the present time," has succeeded "in solving that difficult problem of the balance of power which in the life of a people is liberty itself;" and he aims to exhibit, "with the result attained, the price it has cost."

I have proposed to myself, before everything else, to make the history of facts the means of understanding the history of institutions, to show over what obstacles a people must make its way, in what conflicts it must engage, to what sacrifices it must submit, in order to reach that desirable goal in which the freest expression of individual wishes is reconciled with the greatest force of public power—to recognise, in short, the conditions under which a nation becomes powerful and respected, without ceasing to be free.

The end at which M. de Bonnechose aims is not more important than the method by which he seeks to attain it is judicious. Government is a practical art, and not a theoretic science; and its principles, and the conditions of their happy application, are better studied by observation of the working of successful systems than in abstract treatises. As the student of painting or of sculpture will learn more by contemplation and analysis of the works of the great masters than by poring over the rules which critics have deduced from them—as better knowledge is to be gained of the art of war by following the campaigns of Cesar and Hannibal, Frederick and Napoleon, than from the precepts of even the best systematic writers—so the study of the origin, growth, and development of constitutional liberty in England will convey more, and more valuable, political instruction than the most profound abstract disquisition on political philosophy could impart. As in the analogous cases, so in politics, a superficial study will lead only to servile imitation. But in every art a mind thoroughly imbued with the spirit of a masterpiece, will be able to separate mere details from the general principles which they involve. No one who has thoroughly understood and imbibed the characteristic principles of constitutional freedom of which English history exhibits the development and working, could be betrayed into the desire to transfer English institutions suddenly to a foreign community. For he could not fail to have recognised that the prime condition of their success here is one which must be absent in any mere copy of them—that they have been, in England, the gradual growth of centuries, based upon tradition, usage, and precedent, and have thus been slowly shaped by the national mind and character, and have in return shaped them into mutual adjustment. M. de Bonnechose shows himself as well aware of the limits of the instruction to be drawn from the history of English institutions, and of the caution needful in applying it, as he is of its intrinsic value.

His work begins from the earliest period of our national life—with the races in occupation of Britain before the invasion of Julius Caesar—and extends down to the termination of the third decade of the reign of George III. It is obviously impossible for us to review this vast field in detail. Nor is it necessary to do so. M. de Bonnechose does not profess to have overthrown any established opinions, to have cast fresh light on any dark passage of English history, to be in possession of any pet theory or new reading of events and characters. The merits which he claims and those which he disclaims are stated by him in the modest and conscientious words following:

I do not pretend to understand England better than the eminent historians whom she has produced, and whose works I shall analyse; but, perhaps, it will not be without interest to see freely reproduced here by a foreigner all that is most authentic in the annals of the English people, and better said by its great writers. I restore them what they have lent me, but I give it back to them without the alloy they have too often mingled with it, of political and religious passions, or of hereditary preconceptions.

M. de Bonnechose's work is as good an illustration as we could find of that tact and skill in dealing, in case of need, with second-hand authorities, which we have recently had occasion to remark on as the result of a habit of genuine and original historic investigation—such as is displayed in his *Quatre Conquêtes de l'Angleterre*,

\* *Histoire d'Angleterre, jusqu'à l'Epoque de la Révolution Française, avec un Sommaire Chronologique des Evénements jusqu'à nos jours.* Par M. Emile de Bonnechose. 4 vols. Paris: Didier et Cie. 1857-1859.

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and in his *Studies* of the character of Becket and other eminent Englishmen. A fine historic sense seems to give him warning of the points on which it is not safe to follow his guides; and, confining himself to "what is most authentic in the annals of the English people," he passes over disputed topics of secondary importance without involving himself in the controversies that have been raised in regard to them. The impartiality to which he lays claim must undoubtedly be conceded to him. A certain want of vigour and animation, of vividness of impression and distinctness of judgment, which we note as the chief defects of his volumes, may arise from this very impartiality, involving an unwillingness to pass a decided sentence on men and parties.

M. de Bonnechose groups the successive events of English history round five principal centres, representing the principal phases of the national life. These are (1) the early invasions, contributing each a different element to the formation of our mixed race; (2) the struggle for popular liberties under the Plantagenets, and the entrance of England within her natural territorial limits by her expulsion from France; (3) the Reformation; (4) the political revolution of the 17th century, determining the relative rights and prerogatives of Parliament and the Crown; (5) "the great wars and Parliamentary debates of the last century from 1688 to 1789," a period remarkable for the confirmation of the constitutional freedom, the extension of the political power and commercial relations of England, and the development of her colonial empire. In treating of these successive epochs, M. de Bonnechose subordinates the exterior to the interior history of England—the narration, that is to say, of wars and diplomatic negotiations to that of political events, the origin and development of institutions, and the description of laws, customs, and manners. We know of no book in our own language of the same character—intermediate, that is, between the mere epitomes and abridgments compiled for schoolboys, and works of original research treating at large of special periods—which is of equal merit with this. Occasional inaccuracies we have observed in the repetition of statements which were once received but which have long been exploded—as, for example, the story of the manner of King Alfred's learning to read (vol. i. p. 102-3), and the assignment of an immemorial antiquity to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, which are represented to have been founded by the Anglo-Saxons (vol. i. p. 453). In M. de Bonnechose's notices of the literature of England, some slight errors occur. Thus Shaftesbury, the author of the *Characteristics*, is classed (vol. iv. p. 216)—with Tindal, Toland, and Collins, and the other authors of the "irreligious works" which then "inundated" England—as among the disciples of Locke who went further than their master, and is charged with exaggerating "the scope of the arguments derived in the *Essay on the Human Understanding* from the phenomena of sensation, which afforded such powerful weapons to the materialist school of the eighteenth century." Now though Shaftesbury, as a boy, was the pupil of Locke—whom he affectionately names his "friend and foster-father"—he was certainly not, in the philosophical sense, his disciple. In speculation and theoretic morality he belongs, with Cudworth, Clarke, and Price, to a fundamentally opposite school of thinkers—the English Platonists. Warburton, in opposing his doctrines, observes of him that "in his writings he has shown how much he has imbibed the deep sense, and how naturally he could copy the gracious manner, of Plato." In the review of the literature of George III.'s reign, Priestley is mentioned with Gibbon and Hume as among "the able apologists of scepticism" who flourished at that time. M. de Bonnechose ought to have remembered the remark made to Priestley by the savants of Paris, who assured him that he was the only person of any intelligence they had ever met with who believed in Christianity. Considering that Priestley's *Letters to a Philosophical Unbeliever* were especially addressed to the refutation of the scepticism of Hume, and that his *State of the Evidence of Revealed Religion* contained an express reply to the two celebrated chapters of Gibbon, it will be evident to M. de Bonnechose that Priestley, whatever his theological heresies and shortcomings, is inaccurately classed with those writers as "the apologist of scepticism." These errors, however, and the inability under which M. de Bonnechose, in common with most of his countrymen, labours to write English titles and English names correctly—references being frequent to "Sir Henry Hallam," Lord Chatam, Sir Francis Dalrywood, the town of "Tawnton," &c.—are but slight blemishes which it will be easy to remove. In tracing the development of English institutions, M. de Bonnechose's close adherence to the guidance afforded by Mr. Hallam ensures accuracy of statement and fairness of appreciation. We know of no book, embracing within moderate limits the entire course of English history, which is better suited for the student who would understand the historic bases and living guarantees of English freedom; and we rejoice that its merits have been so signally appreciated by the highest literary authority in his own country.

S T. S T E P H E N'S.

**I**T would be affectation to treat *St. Stephen's* as a really anonymous poem. There is only one man now living who would have written it, though, in the face of the annual prize poems which are produced at the Universities, it would be

\* *St. Stephen's: a Poem.* Originally published in *Blackwood's Magazine*.  
Edinburgh and London: Blackwood and Sons. 1860.

impossible to deny that there are many who could. Since, however, the author has not chosen to affix his name to his book, he shall be anonymous here, though it is impossible to criticise it as if it were the work of an unknown hand. *St. Stephen's* contains by estimation about 2000 lines, devoted to a description in deca-syllabic verse of the principal orators, living and dead, of the House of Commons. All the lines scan, and all the couplets rhyme with undeniable accuracy, and here and there there is a certain combination of emphasis and neatness about them which enables the reader to understand how the author came to think the poem worth publishing; but the principal topic which it suggests is an inquiry into the reasons which induced men, gods, and columns to forbid the composition of mediocre poetry.

Over the 136 pages, each containing sixteen lines, of which the volume consists, the eye and the mind glide softly to the tune of such lines as these:—

And now transferred from singer and from sage  
Stands in full day the Spirit of the Age,  
**INQUIRY!** She so coy when first pursued,  
In her own ancient arduous solitude,  
Seized by the crowd and dragged before their bar,  
Changes her shape, and towers transformed to war,  
Inscribes a banner, flings it to the gales—  
Cries, "I am Truth, and Truth, when armed, prevails."  
Up leaps the zealot—Zeal must clear her way,  
And fell the forests that obscure the day.  
To guard the Bible flashes forth the sword,  
And Cromwell rides, the servant of the Lord.

After this "the ORATOR arose," and the orators are accordingly produced one after another, from Eliot to Sir Robert Peel, each being described more or less fully. The portraits of two or three may be extracted as specimens of the author's manner:—

With English humour and wild Irish heart,  
See STEELE rehearse what Goldsmith made a part.  
Ranging at whim from fever heat to zero,  
Now the frank rake, and now the "Christian Hero."  
Play as he will, the deuce is in the cards,  
Student at Isis, trooper in the Guards,  
A brisk comedian now before the lamps,  
And now—a grave Commissioner of Stamps.

And so forth for six lines more. The following is part of a portrait of Pitt:—

Why marvel that the beardless hierarch sprung  
At once to power? the hierarch ne'er was young.  
And ne'er was old, but, dying in his prime,  
Stands forth completed while vouchsafed to time.  
With those he led Pitt is not to be classed;  
His was no blind subservience to the past.  
Not Fox himself loved English freedom more—  
True to her heart, if careful of her door.

The very faults that later critics find  
Were merits then—the unhesitating mind,  
The self-reliance, lofty and severe,  
That grand monotony, a soul sincere,  
That scorn of fancy, that firm grasp of fact,  
That dread to theorise in the hour to act;  
Seem'd formed to brave the elemental shock,  
And true to England her own Ocean-rock.

The portraits of statesmen still living or lately dead are all in the same style, though here and there relieved by a little more effort at something which might possibly pass for originality. Our object in the preceding extracts is to give a fair specimen of *St. Stephen's*, and to raise, in a broad and intelligible manner, the question why such compositions are displeasing. No sensible person quarrels with a man for being commonplace in most of the affairs of life. If a butcher wrote to say that, as he only killed once a-week, he had no beef at the date of his letter, no one would complain that he was prosaic. If the surveyor of highways were to make a memorandum of the fact that ten loads of stone were required to mend so many yards of road in such a parish, he would not be thought deserving of any sort of notice or criticism. Why, then, should not any one who is amused by such a process spin out into fourteen lines the assertion that Steele was versatile and unsteady, or throw into thirty or forty an account of Pitt, to the effect that he was precocious, stately, able, and patriotic? We have pointed out on former occasions that, to inexperienced writers, or to persons who, if they did not write, would not know how to pass their time, such occupations are likely to be of the same sort of use as the composition of Latin verses is to a boy at school; and their authors might justify, not only their composition, but even their publication, if the temporary excitement of seeing what they had written in print was necessary to induce them to undergo the labour of composition. But this is the only ground on which either the composition or the publication of such productions can be justified. If they are laid before the world as poetry by a person who ought to know what poetry is and what it is not, they are a sort of offence against the reader's good nature. It can never be worth while to publish versified accounts of great men unless a man really has something memorable to say about them which has not been said before. Everybody who has read Mr. Thackeray's lectures knows what sort of man Pitt was; and every one who has read Lord Macaulay's descriptions of Pitt is perfectly familiar with the sort of signpost outline of him which is inserted at such length in *St. Stephen's*. We learn nothing new from a diluted edition in rhyme of very familiar prose, except, indeed, that the author of *St. Stephen's* has a low opinion of the taste of his readers. He hawks at such exceedingly small game in the way of antithesis, and expects people to be surprised at such very

familiar contrasts, that we almost look to see old familiar riddles and puns take their places as ornaments in his pages. Can any human being really find pleasure in such an antithesis as that which is conveyed in the last two lines of our extract from the character of Steele :—

A brisk comedian now before the lamps,  
And now—a grave Commissioner of Stamps.

Typography and punctuation are sometimes very characteristic ; and the — in the second line, which points out the fact that a comedian and a Commissioner of Stamps have not generally much in common, conveys the sentiment that the reader would not have been capable of seeing the contrast for himself, just as printing a joke in italics shows that, but for the italics, it would not be known to be a joke. The most curious passages of the poem, however, are those in which talk which, if not the very most commonplace of all, is still so thoroughly well-known that it can hardly be unfamiliar to any man who is accustomed to moderately well-instructed company, is thrown into metre. Perhaps there may be persons to whom it is a novel observation that eminent lawyers do not succeed in Parliament, but surely they are not the sort of persons for whom poems and *St. Stephen's* claims to be a poem—are written. To make such an assertion, with its illustrations, fill twenty-six lines, is to show a total want of appreciation of the nature and use of metre, and the lines themselves show the same thing even more strongly. Here is a specimen :—

Still when CAIRNS rises, tho' at dawn of day,  
The sleepers wake and feel rejoiced to stay,  
As his clear reasonings in light strength arise,  
Like Doric shafts admitting lueent skies.

The "feel rejoiced" is a marvellous instance of the adoption of slipshod Parliamentary slang into poetry. "He has chambers in the King's Bench Walk" is hardly a more prosaic line than the one in which the phrase occurs.

It is a melancholy thing to see Pope's metre fallen to this level ; but the truth is that a man cannot do everything. To write anything, and especially to write verse worth reading, it is absolutely essential to have something to say which deserves to be said. The author of *St. Stephen's* had simply nothing to say about any of the persons of whom he was writing, except what everybody knew before. The utmost mastery of language would not make it worth while to write a poem about Addison to the effect that he was a great master of style, and that he possessed a very delicate humour ; but ten or twelve lines, setting in the clearest light his unsuspected affectations and weaknesses, have lived for more than a century, and will last as long as the language. The faults of *St. Stephen's* are very simple. The author has not put in powder enough, and there is no ball.

#### WEDGWOOD'S DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH ETYMOLOGY.\*

THE science of etymology has certainly made no small progress since it was thought quite enough in an English dictionary to put down "Latin," "French," "Saxon," as a complete history of the several words. These brief accounts, to be sure, were for the most part true as far as they went ; but meanwhile other searchers after truth were looking elsewhere, and deriving all Latin from Greek, and all Greek from Hebrew. Perhaps no other science has really advanced in the same proportion, and yet there is none of which people in general have less understanding. The fact is, that most men are very unwilling to believe that there is a science of etymology at all. Every man thinks himself a born etymologist already. Some sciences deal, beyond all doubt, with matters which every one cannot find out by the light of nature. But etymology deals with words ; everybody uses words ; everybody, therefore, can know about them. At any rate, if a man knows one or two languages besides his own, nothing more can possibly be wanting. Nothing, indeed, is easier than empirical etymology, while, to the unenlightened, scientific etymology looks at first sight like a mere dream. To accept its conclusions, a man must either have been taught the subject from his childhood, or else have sat down to it in after life with an unusual spirit of childlike meekness—the scientific analogies often seem so remote and far-fetched, while accidental resemblances are often so easy and so taking. Common sense itself seems often disposed to kick at what it is asked to believe, and cast the whole thing away as a science falsely so called. The student of etymology must begin with a little blind faith. As Mr. Wedgwood says, "you cannot at once carry conviction in a given derivation to one who has never attended to the subject, and the kind of change compatible with identity in the root of a word must be practically learned in the course of experience." Most people, in learning a language, seem to be content with knowing the words which will translate one another, and observing those resemblances which amount to absolute identity. Nothing is more common than for a person to learn several languages, very likely to be able to write and speak them fluently, and yet to know absolutely nothing of their history and their relations to one another. Many people both learn and teach English, German, and French, without the faintest notion of the difference in kind between the connexion of English with German, and that of English with French. Germans learn English, and English people learn German, without a glimmering of

\* A Dictionary of English Etymology. By Hensleigh Wedgwood, M.A., late Fellow of Chr. Coll. Cam. Vol. I. (A—D.) London: Trübner and Co. 1859.

the regular system of permutation of consonants between the most essential words in the two languages. Of the difference between cognation and derivation they have no idea whatever. In short, we suspect that where the whole notion of learning a language is to learn to speak and translate it, any such inquiries would be looked on with suspicion, if not set down as absolute mistakes. There are teachers with whom any hint of the identity of such words as "knecht" and "knight," "knabe" and "knafe," would seem a proof of ignorance rather than knowledge, because most certainly the English words would not be the proper construing of the German. Teachers in a little more advanced state would tell their pupils that the English words were *derived* from the German, just as the analogous class of teachers of the classical languages tell you that radical Latin words are *derived* from the Greek. That Greek and German have anything to do with one another, and both something to do with Sanscrit, would doubtless seem to both classes little better than an ingenious dream.

The truth is, that the scientific study of a language not only makes its acquisition far more profitable and far more interesting, but it makes the mere learning of it for practical use far more easy. Let us take two very familiar instances. When a scholar who has the faintest glimmering of etymology is told that "wasser" is German for "water," he does not need to look out "besser" in his dictionary. When he knows that "blanc" is the same as "bianco" he does not ask any question about "clair" and "chiaro." But many people actually toil through the vocabulary of a whole language without finding out such simple rules as these ; they learn the meaning of each word as a separate and isolated fact. The empirical way of learning a language is surely not only much less profitable, but really a great deal harder than the scientific way. But when a man has once acquired the requisite faith and the requisite tact, when he has learned to track an original root through as many cognate languages as he happens to know, a further question then arises. It is clear that such root has such a general meaning ; but how came it to have that meaning ? This is the point to which Mr. Wedgwood seems to have given his special attention :—

Etymology is still at the stage where an arbitrary theory is accepted as the basis of scientific explanation. It is supposed that all language is developed from roots or skeletons of articulate sound, endowed with distinct and often very abstract meaning, but incapable of being actually used in speech, until properly clothed in grammatical forms. And this theory of roots takes the place of the elementary powers which form the basis of other sciences. The etymologist who succeeds in tracing a word to a Sanscrit root is as well satisfied with the account he has rendered of his problem as the astronomer who traces an irregularity in the orbit of a comet to the attraction of a planet, within whose influence it has been brought in its last revolution. Now in what condition is it possible that roots could have existed, before they were actually used in speech ? If it be suggested that they were implanted by Nature in the mind of man, as some people have supposed that the bones of mammoths were created at the same stroke with the other materials of the strata in which they are buried—we can only say that it is directly opposed to anything we observe in infants of the present day. But if it be said that no one supposes that the roots, as such, ever had independent existence ; that they are merely fictions of the grammarians to indicate the core of a group of related words having similar significations, in which sense the term will always be used in the present work ; or if they are regarded as the remains of some former condition of language, then they cease to afford a solid resting-place, and the origin of the roots themselves becomes as fit an object of inquiry, as of the words in actual use at the present day. Nor will the curiosity of a rational inquirer be satisfied until he meets with a principle adequate to give rise to the use of language in a being with a mental constitution, such as he is conscious of himself, or observes in the course of development in the infants growing up around him.

Mr. Wedgwood's principal, if not universal, solvent is the process of *onomatopœia*—the formation of words in imitation of sounds or objects. To this process he gives a very much wider range than would at first sight appear to belong to it. Like most theorists, he is doubtless rather too much enamoured of his own bantling, and he carries out the system of onomatopœia to a greater length than most people will be prepared to follow him. But no doubt his system will really account for a larger number of roots than one might at first fancy ; and at all events the way in which he draws out his method is highly interesting and ingenious.

In looking through the Dictionary itself, we do not always quite understand Mr. Wedgwood's principle of selection either of the particular words to be illustrated or of the sources of his illustration. Some of the etymologies are so very obvious that we should have thought they were hardly worth inserting except in a complete dictionary of the whole language. And it is clear either that Mr. Wedgwood's studies have been partial or else that he has given us only a very partial selection of the results. He has clearly studied some branches of his subject with more attention than most men. For instance, he makes good use of the provincial dialects of German, which are apt to get overshadowed by a literary language even more artificial than most others. On Celtic, Slavonic, and Lettish he draws largely, and also on the various forms of Romance. But both Greek and Latin he rather slurs over, and of Persian and Sanscrit he takes hardly any notice at all. The former omission is clearly not the result of ignorance. But the latter, in any case, puts Mr. Wedgwood in a strange position. If he really does not understand the Asiatic members of the Indo-European family of languages, he is certainly not equal to his subject. If he does, why does he studiously avoid tracing the roots to their oldest extant forms ? We can easily understand a selection of languages. For instance, many scholars would be quite satisfied with tracing a root in Sanscrit, Greek,

Latin, and Teutonic, without thinking much about Celtic or Lettish cognates. But we cannot understand Mr. Wedgwood's way of giving Welsh, Russian, and Lithuanian cognates, and not giving the Sanscrit. Moreover, Mr. Wedgwood seems amazingly strong in the Finnish languages. Now, in his preface, he says, very truly, that his system of onomatopoeia will account for many incidental agreements between languages which have no general affinity. On this principle he, properly enough, draws occasional illustration from languages utterly unconnected with the Indo-European group—Galla, and such like. But his references to the Finnish seem to lie too thick on the ground to be explained in this way. If Mr. Wedgwood means to claim for the Finnish languages a place in the Indo-European family, we think he should have given us a definite statement of his grounds for so important an innovation on the received doctrine.

Mr. Wedgwood's Dictionary is very curious and instructive, and wherever it is opened, some interesting and suggestive matter is sure to be lighted upon. But we think he presses his theories too far, and sometimes mistakes very obvious derivations. Surely "bum-bailiff" is merely a corruption of "bound-bailiff," and has nothing to do with "the notion of a humming, droning, or dunning noise." And we are quite sure that of the two following etymologies, two pages apart, the former is not the right one:—"The Du. *duyvel*, *duvel*, Icel. *difill*, the devil, might seem to signify the diver, him whose dwelling is underground; from *dufa*, Dan. *duve*, to duck. Hence in seeking an indirect way of naming him he might be called *duyker*, the ducker, or dipper." Hence, according to Mr. Wedgwood, *deuce* and *dickens*. Thus much in p. 452; but in p. 454 we have got back into the land of common sense—"Devil. Lat. *diabolus*, Gr. *διάβολος*, the accuser, from *διαβάλλω*, to calumniate, traduce."

Mr. Wedgwood, we may remark, never accentuates his Greek. Now, if Mr. Wedgwood can believe, which we cannot bring ourselves to do, that *church* and its cognates come from *κυριακή*, surely it would require less faith to suppose that *duyvel*, *difill*, &c. &c., all come from *διάβολος*, as well as *devil*, which he acknowledges, and, we suppose, *teufel*, which he does not mention.

Altogether the book is one which may be of great help to the advanced scholar, but we should say that it should be used with very great caution by the beginner.

#### THE UNITED IRISHMEN.\*

DR. MADDEN is the fittest person that could have been selected to write the history of the United Irishmen. Their merits are so qualified and their demerits so striking, that it requires something more than the ordinary adulation of a biographer to produce one of those pictures without shadow in which the Boswellian fraternity delight. A man must be thoroughly Irish himself to be able to set forth what was noble in the United Irishmen with a gravity undisturbed by their absurdities. They deserve all that admiration which we instinctively give to enthusiasts of every kind, whether they are right or wrong; for they undoubtedly risked all that men can risk, in order, as they thought, to better the condition of their countrymen. But there was something so scatterbrained in their plans, something so disproportioned in the means they employed for a great end, that it is difficult to think of their enterprise more seriously than of the battle of the cabbage-garden some fifty years later. To the ludicrous side of these incongruities, Dr. Madden is wholly blind. In his view, they only lend the additional charm of simplicity to the enthusiasm of his heroes. He is the best man to describe what was done, for he evidently would have done the same himself in a like case. Even in the mere style and structure of his book, there is a charming sympathy for the characters he celebrates. By a kind of literary symbolism, he has contrived to embody in his writing the Hibernianism which inspired both their blunders and their self-devotion. Our conception of the true Tipperary Boy is of a man who, when he is at home, lets the pig into the bedroom, puts the peat into the water-butt, and leaves the dunghill before the door, but who is redeemed from this appearance of helplessness when he goes out, by creeping behind a hedge and shooting at his landlord. These are very much the contrasts which show themselves in Dr. Madden's style. As a rule, it is illogical, incoherent, and untidy. All his facts are as completely at sixes and sevens as the furniture of an Irishman's cottage; and the whole composition gives you the impression of having been put together by a man in the last stage of lethargy. But he is quite free from this imputation as soon as he comes to an opportunity of belabouring some tyrannical Saxon, or, still more, some brother Irishman. He flourishes his shillelagh with a true Tipperary war-whoop; and though his slovenliness is far from deserting him even then, he makes you feel that it is in no way due to apathy or languor.

The present volume—part of a larger series—contains the lives of three of the United Irishmen, only one of whom, however, was really worthy of a sacred bard. Thomas Emmet and MacNeven were confessors for freedom on a very minor scale. It does not appear that their lives were ever in real danger. The Government were inclined to deal leniently with them, and allowed them to go quietly to America on condition of their making a clean breast of it; and America was no real exile, for they found there

their own countrymen and their own language, a career of public usefulness open to them, and ample means of support. Their hardships were limited to two or three years' custody in a Highland fortress, where they were placed under no real restraint. That their confinement was not aggravated by any scantiness of diet may be inferred from the fact that the contribution paid by Government for their support was 1*l.* a day a-piece. This was a very silver-fork sort of martyrdom. Our sympathies have become exacting since we have learned what a Neapolitan *criminale* is like, and what men can suffer in the cause of freedom without making any special claim to heroism. These demented Irishmen underwent no severer treatment than that to which every dangerous lunatic must be subject; but Dr. Madden raves over them in language that would have been exaggerated even if applied to Poerio. The Irish Government of that day has many sins of cruelty and needless slaughter on its head, incurred by the brutal Orangemen whom it employed and upon whom it leaned. But its guilt seems to have been confined to its confidence in such men. The milder justice it extended to those who came under its immediate jurisdiction excuses it from the barbarities that were practised by its subordinates.

Robert Emmet has a better title to a biography, because at least he was a martyr complete; and though he technically deserved his doom, it is impossible not to feel that he was more to be pitied than to be condemned. It would have been far better if the Irish Government had treated him with the contemptuous lenity their successors showed to Smith O'Brien. The difficulty of pardoning him lay in the fact that the handful of desperadoes whom he led to the storm of Dublin Castle achieved but one exploit—and that was the murder, with circumstances of great barbarity, of a poor unarmed old judge whom they happened to meet in the street as they went along. Robert Emmet was at the head of the party while the rear rank were perpetrating this atrocity, and therefore he was undoubtedly an accomplice in the crime of murder; but yet hanging him was like hanging a schoolboy or a girl. The whole project of his rebellion, from the first conception to the disastrous close, was so egregiously childish that Government might well have afforded to dismiss it with merciful ridicule. As Dr. Madden admirably tells us, he was "a single-minded man" who "placed trust in everybody;" and from the beginning to the end he seems to have been the victim of a succession of cruel hoaxes. He went over from France, against the advice of more sober veterans, because he was told by somebody that seventeen counties were prepared to rise, and because some vague assurances of aid, which he did not himself believe, had been given by the First Consul. He was told that a rebellion was ready organized, and he prepared to head it. The financial means with which he undertook to overthrow the English dominion amounted to about 1500*l.* The first thing he did was to construct curious and romantic hiding-places in the house in which he lived at Dublin—hidden recesses, trapdoors, false walls, and all the other machinery of conspiracy of which schoolboys delight to read in Mr. Ainsworth's novels. Then he proceeded, by the help of a military book, to draw up an elaborate plan for the seizure of Dublin Castle. There was to be a mine, in the Guy Fawkes style, driven from a shop that stood opposite. He marked out what streets were to be blocked with chains—what houses were to be occupied by imaginary platoons of blunderbusses. Jointed pikes were to be prepared which could be carried unobserved under great-coats. Fire-balls, rocket-beams, and grenades completed the imaginary properties. Coaches were to be provided which were to drive him and his chosen escort into the court of the Castle, and the place where the officers of the Government were to be kept in custody, when they were seized, was duly fixed. The only things he took no precautions to provide were the men who were to work these elaborate contrivances. He satisfied himself with the assurances of some of his friends—of whom an indefinite number appear to have been traitors—that there were two thousand ready to rise in Dublin, four hundred in Kildare, two hundred in Wicklow, and so on. He took a little more pains to provide himself with the rare and curious weapons with which the hypothetical insurgents were to fight. But somehow or other they all came to an Irish end. The jointed pikes were stored with the powder, and the whole blew up together. There was no money, and so the blunderbusses could not be bought. Only one scaling ladder was finished, because it was impossible to tell the smiths why they were to hurry. One ingenious subordinate, who had to make the fuzes and rammers for the rockets, forgot all about them, and went to Kildare to raise men instead. Another, who had charge of the explosions, mixed the slow matches that were prepared with those that were not, and mislaid altogether the fuzes for the grenades. A third, who was to bring in the coaches, happened to see a fight on the road, and was much too good an Irishman to refrain from joining in it. The arrival of the men had been arranged with the same sort of slovenly helplessness. The Wicklow men had been given the wrong night for rising. The Dublin men had been told that the rising was put off. The more distant counties had received no orders at all, because there was no money to pay for messengers, and the Kildare men came in upon the appointed day, but liked the look of affairs so little that they prudently marched out again. Robert Emmet's colleagues naturally suggested that it would be better to postpone the enterprise, but this was not his notion of the part of an heroic revolutionist. A false alarm having been given that the troops were upon them, he put on his green uniform, fired a

\* *The United Irishmen, their Lives and Times.* By R. R. Madden. London: Dolman. 1860.

signal-rocket to tell everybody what he was about, and sallied forth at the head of eighty men to overthrow the English Government. This gallant army, after murdering Lord Kilwarden and two or three other peaceable citizens in the streets, very soon began to tail off rapidly, and by the time he had got some little distance, his force was reduced to nine "lieutenant-generals and colonels," bearing the commission of the future Republic, and ten rank and file. Of course he fled, and was in due time hunted down. The English Government might have safely treated this poor visionary according to his real character, and shut him up in Bedlam. It was not worth while to make such a man a hero. Even after his execution, the *contretemps* which had been so fatal to him still pursued his memory. Moore gave him his one chance of enduring fame by recording his romantic love for Miss Curran and his early doom, in the exquisite lines beginning

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,  
And lovers around her are sighing,  
But she coldly turns from their gaze and weeps,  
For her heart in his grave is lying.

But, as ill luck would have it, she did nothing of the kind. Far from turning away from her sighing lovers in this discouraging manner, she married one of them two years after the execution—urged thereto, as some biographer quoted by Dr. Madden romantically suggests, "by the conviction of her painfully dependent state."

Dr. Madden is very angry with the moral code that judges of the lawfulness of a rebellion by its issue. He seems to think that every charge of blood shed for vain and impracticable ends is disposed of by the plea of "generous enthusiasm." It is a doctrine only too popular, and one that has seemed with calamity to many a generation of mankind. The maxim that the end justifies the means is scarcely so dangerous as the maxim that the motive justifies the act. There is no truth which historians are so bound to inculcate, and which they are so slow to recognise, as the exceeding wickedness of folly. To cherish a pet dream at the cost of other men's lives and fortunes is as selfish as any other mode of sacrificing the *tuum* to the *meum*. If Emmet had chosen to use his common sense, and calmly face the facts that were before him, he must have known that his enterprise could bear no other fruit than slaughter and misery, and an aggravation of the oppression under which he chafed. But common sense was the last thing he thought of consulting. He has left us a record of the principles of reasoning on which his course was taken:—

I have little time to look at the thousand difficulties which still lie between me and the completion of my wishes: that those difficulties will likewise disappear I have ardent and, I trust, rational hopes; but if it is not to be the case, I thank God for having gifted me with a sanguine disposition. To that disposition I run from reflection; and if my hopes are without foundation—if a precipice is opening under my feet from which duty will not suffer me to run back, I am grateful for that sanguine disposition which leads me to the brink and throws me down, while my eyes are still raised to the visions of happiness that my fancy formed in the air.

It never seems to have occurred to him that the "sanguine disposition that was throwing him down" was also throwing down the prospects and perilling the lives of numbers of other men. No culprit can be held responsible for any crime if the blindness of wilful self-delusion, such as this, is to serve as a defence.

#### THE WASHINGTONS.\*

THE moral and theological novel has long been recognised as a bore, if not as something worse; and it is pretty generally understood by this time, that the proper end and object of fiction is to amuse. If a writer can inform and elevate his readers while he amuses them, all the better; and a really good work of fiction, whatever may be its specialty, will always be instructive. But an author must always fail more or less signally as a novelist, if his chief purpose is merely to convey useful or curious information under the disguise of romance. Hence the general want of interest even in very clever and painstaking attempts to represent the life and manners of past ages, when the author's object is mainly polemical or antiquarian. Such tales as *Valerius*, and *Charmione*, and *Fabiola* are, after all, dreary reading. There are, of course, some exceptions to the rule. Scott and Thackeray have been able to throw themselves, as it were, into other states of society; and Bulwer Lytton and Kingsley have shown how to combine spirited and accurate presentments of the life and manners of Pompeii and Alexandria with a very high amount of human interest. No such pretension, however, is sustained by Mr. Simpkinson in his recent novel, called, *The Washingtons*. It is a production of almost unexampled dryness and heaviness. Religious novels have, at least for the most part, the merit of a strong spice of active animosity and uncharitableness, but the mere archaeological tale is dulness itself. We remember to have seen an attempt by an antiquarian lady to make a love-story out of the Bayeux tapestry, but even this was a more hopeful task than to create a romance out of some old tombstones and household accounts. Mr. Simpkinson, finding himself in the agreeable position of a Northamptonshire incumbent, with a noble earl for his squire, sets himself the most laudable task of investigating the antiquities of his parish. There were certain monuments and epitaphs in his church and churchyard, and Lord Spencer's library at Althorp contained an iron chest of

forgotten account-books of the seventeenth century. The rector was most usefully employed in exploring the one and deciphering the other. There are hosts of excellent publications, from the quarto pages of the *Archæologia* to the fugitive leaves of the latest formed Society for studying local antiquities, which would have printed the Household Books of Althorp at large; and the Brington epitaphs, with every point or abbreviation given in facsimile, would have been a very godsend to some of our lively archeological contemporaries. And then the fact that certain Washingtons, presumed ancestors of the great American hero, were commemorated on the said tombstones, might have formed the subject of endless communications and replies, from both sides of the Atlantic, in *Notes and Queries*. But all these chances of distinction have been thrown away by the Rector of Brington. His evil genius suggested the thought that out of these dry bones he might create a seventeen-century romance. Accordingly, he presents the public with a handsome volume, resplendent on back and sides with the gilt armorial bearings of the Washington family, and striped all over like a zebra with the heraldic bars and mullets which have been glorified into the stars and stripes of the Republican flag. Two-thirds of this gorgeous book are occupied by a story of the most inconceivable tenuity of argument and poverty of detail, and the remaining portion consists of inventories, and miscellaneous extracts from the Althorp archives. The problem which Mr. Simpkinson has set himself is to construct a story in which the contemporary Spencers and Washingtons, as he finds them commemorated in the Althorp and Brington documents and registers, figure as the *dramatis persona*. He seems to suppose that additional truthfulness and point are secured to his romance by the device of fitting to all the characters introduced the actual names borne by the parson and clerk, the housekeeper and grooms, and all the other worthies of the parish of Brington or the mansion of Althorp. "Between the parish register," he says, "on the one hand, with its exact array of names, its stern life-facts, and its curious incidental notices—and the account books on the other, with all their varied details of everyday life—such a vivid picture of the period rose before me that I was induced to work it out, and even venture to believe that others may judge it to possess a more than local interest." We regret to say that this is, in our case, an unfounded hope; and we are obliged to differ altogether from the author as to what constitutes a "vivid picture" of the past.

The new facts which Mr. Simpkinson has collected about the Washington family are slight and unimportant, and these he has so interwoven with what was already known about the subject from the researches of Baker, the historian of Northamptonshire, and with his own conjectures, that it is difficult to distinguish the false from the true. Considering the interest naturally attaching to the most trifling details of Washington's ancestry in the minds of American hero-worshippers, it is quite unjustifiable, for example, to assume, without documentary authority, that John, the emigrant, was educated at Westminster School. Mr. Simpkinson further plumes himself upon the discovery, from the Althorp Household Books, that this John Washington was knighted by James I. between January and March, 1621. But it seems to us that this fact throws some slight degree of doubt upon the identity of the emigrant with the Washington of Brington. This identification is after all little more than presumptive, though it was accepted by the first President, and is endorsed by his biographers, Jared Sparks and Washington Irving. But, considering that the Washington who emigrated to Virginia did so, as it is agreed, upon Royalist grounds, during the time of the Commonwealth, it seems somewhat improbable that he dropped his title, or that it was forgotten by his descendants. Upon the strength of this knighthood, however, Mr. Simpkinson further finds for his hero a hitherto unsuspected matrimonial connexion with one Mary Curtis, whose mural monument still remains in Islip church. Baker had either overlooked this circumstance, or had rejected its pertinence to the emigrant Washington. But, if it was really this Sir John Washington who went to America, we have here evidence that he was widowed in 1624, leaving three sons, Mordaunt, John, and Philip, "of whom," says Mr. Simpkinson, "no genealogist has taken account as yet." The date of the emigration being taken to be 1657, we confess to some doubts whether the first exile was really this Sir John Washington. For he must have been at least sixty years of age at that date. To have been widowed in 1624, with three sons already born, he must have been married about 1620, and born before the close of the preceding century.

The following strange paragraph will, we think, damage any credit Mr. Simpkinson may wish to claim as an original historical inquirer:—

It is a conjecture again on my part, and not ascertained fact, that he had a place at Court about the King, and that his manor of South Cave was given him, or procured for him, by George Villiers Duke of Buckingham. Perhaps these matters might be thoroughly made out by those who know their way about the State Paper Offices, and who are sufficiently interested in the subject to undertake the investigation. I have neither opportunity nor knowledge for such researches.

It may surely be asked, in reply, why then he wrote the present book?

Upon the whole, we cannot see that the present writer has thrown much light on the ancestry of Washington. His best suggestion seems to be that the Sir John who took refuge in Virginia after being implicated in the Royalist conspiracy of 1656, carried his son John with him; and that to the latter,

\* *The Washingtons. A Tale of a Country Parish in the Seventeenth Century, based on Authentic Documents.* By John Nassau Simpkinson, Rector of Brington, Northants. London: Longmans, 1860.



**NOTICE OF DIVIDEND.—BANK OF DEPOSIT**  
 (Established A.D. 1840, No. 5, Pall-mall East, London, S.W.)—The WARRANTS for the HALF-YEARLY INTEREST, at the rate of Five per Cent. per Annum, on Deposit Accounts, to the 30th June, are ready for delivery, and payable daily between the hours of Ten and Four.

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1809.

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BANKER—UNION BANK OF LONDON.  
SOLICITOR—ALEXANDER DOBBIE, Esq., Lancaster-place.Accumulated Fund..... £1,031,454 0 0  
Annual Revenue..... 179,083 11 11

LIFE ASSURANCE.  
1860.

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During the year 1860, 665 Policies were issued, Assuring the sum of £440,913 0 0

Policies are by arrangement declared free from all restrictions.

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R. STRACHAN, Secretary.

4, New Bank Buildings, Lothbury,  
London, March, 1860.

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July 28, 1860.]

# The Saturday Review.

123

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IV. The Cape and South Africa.  
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Stranger than Fiction.  
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- VI. Great Guy and Little Wood. (Outremerans Correspondence. No. VII.)  
VII. The Expected Return of the Comet of Charles V.  
VIII. Once a Child: Never a Child: Always a Child. By Monkhood.  
V. Curious Mexican Experiences in California.  
VI. A Great Man's Resting-place. By E. P. Rowell.  
VII. The Devil's Candy. A True Story.  
VIII. Across the Tweed.  
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Although I have always been extremely happy in giving my testimony to any improvements introduced by other makers, I have never failed to consider M. ALEXANDRE as the chief benefactor to the Instrument, and that to him it is mainly indebted for its present importance. I may also add that any Harmoniums I have been called upon to select, up to the present time, have been chosen from those manufactured by M. ALEXANDRE.

WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT.

From Herr ENGEL, Professor of the Harmonium at the Royal Academy of Music.

I have great pleasure in stating that, in my opinion, ALEXANDRE'S Harmoniums are superior to all others, whether made in England or on the Continent.

From JAMES TURLE, Esq., Organist of Westminster Abbey.

Having heard and carefully examined the Harmoniums respectively manufactured by EVANS, DEBAIN, and ALEXANDRE, I feel no hesitation in giving the preference to those of the last-named maker.

December 10th, 1859.

JAMES TURLE.

From Dr. RIMBAULT, Author of many celebrated Works on the Harmonium.

For sweetness of tone, delicacy of touch, and powers of expression, the ALEXANDRE Harmonium is decidedly the best under manufacture. I have had constant opportunities of testing the Harmoniums of various makers, French, German, and English, and have no hesitation in pronouncing them all inferior, especially in quality of tone, to those made by M. ALEXANDRE.

EDWARD F. RIMBAULT, LL.D.

Having examined, side by side, the various Harmoniums, English and French, we are convinced that those made by ALEXANDRE, of Paris, are superior to all, especially in the most material points—quality of tone and equality of power.

|                  |                     |
|------------------|---------------------|
| J. F. BURROES.   | FRANK MORI.         |
| L. ENGEL.        | E. F. RIMBAULT.     |
| C. E. HORSLEY.   | BRINLEY RICHARDS.   |
| W. KUHE.         | JAMES TURLE.        |
| G. A. MACFARLEN. | W. VINCENT WALLACE. |

Full descriptive Lists (Illustrated) will be sent on application to CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond-street.

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